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THE

LIFE

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

ON HIS WORKS.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

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SMOLLETT.

In every age in which literature has been held in eſtimation, the lives of eminent writers have been intereſting to curioſity, and perſons have taken pains to collect facts reſpecting them, which might gratify this natural propenſity, and hold out an incentive to the love of fame, and the cultivation of the mind.

It has been long perceived, that this is an act of gratitude; for, in every nation, they who have forfeited their time, their health, and their fortune in compoſing writings, which, as they inſtruct by their intelligence, or pleaſe by their elegance, either facilitate the attainment of knowledge, or ſmooth the aſperities of life, may be numbered among the benefactors of mankind, and are entitled to remembrance and applauſe.

Of the writers of the preſent age, eminent for their intellectual endowments, who have reflected honour upon human nature in general, or upon our own nation in particular, few will be found more deſerving of biographical notice, than the ſubject of this narrative, whether we conſider the utility and elegance of his literary compoſitions, the force and vivacity of his mind, or the diſintereſtedneſs and independence of his ſpirit.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Smollett, leſs is known than the celebrity of his name, and his rank in Engliſh literature, might give reaſon to expect. It is ſaid, that

the chief incidents in the early part of his life were given to the world in his novel of *Roderick Random*. Whether that report is well founded or not, it is not eaſy nor neceſſary to know. The incidents, if real, are certainly heightened by invention, and diſguiſed by the decorations of fiction *. No credit, therefore, is due to them, as authorities in a work of truth; and they are not followed in this attempt to relate, with the fidelity of biographical narration, what is known of his perſonal hiſtory and literary productions.

The preſent writer regrets, that the information concerning him which his inquiries have obtained, is ſo general and ſcanty, that he muſt give the hiſtory of his life to the world much more briefly and imperfectly than his qualifications deſerve; but he has this gratification from relating it, that however inadequate to his merits, or unſatisfactory to his friends, it may not be altogether unacceptable to the public, who always take an intereſt in thoſe perſons, from whoſe writings they have derived pleaſure or inſtruction †.

The anceſtors of Smollett have been long ſettled in the county of Dumbarton, where, in the different changes of government, they acquired conſiderable property, and were diſtinguiſhed by the moſt honourable offices in the ſtate. By the records of the town of Dumbarton it appears, that one of them, in the direct line, of the name of *Tobias Smollett*, was, early in the fifteenth century, married to a daughter of Sir Patrick Houſton of Houſton, a reſpectable family in the county of Renfrew. In 1588, he informs us, the Florida, a ſhip of the Spaniſh Armada, that had the military cheſt on board, was blown up by one of his anceſtors in one of the bays of the Iſland of Mull ‡. In 1688, his grandfather, Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, appeared in the honourable band of Scottiſh pa-

* "I have not deviated from nature in the facts, which are all true in the main, although the circumſtances are altered and diſguiſed, to avoid perſonal ſatire." *Preface to Rod. Rand.*

† In the preſent edition of this narrative, beſides the intelligence which ſubſequent reſearches have ſupplied, the writer has availed himſelf of the additional information contained in "the Life of Dr. Smollett," prefixed to a ſimilar collection of his works, printed in 1797, by Dr. Moore; well known for his "Views of Society and Manners on the Continent of Europe," and various other works.

‡ *Expedition of Humphry Clinker.*

triots who eſpouſed the principles upon which the Revolution was effected, and co-operated in the preſervation and ſecurity of civil and religious liberty. He had the character of being a man of great ſagacity; he was originally bred to the profeſſion of the law, and diſtinguiſhed for his knowledge in it; he was one of the Commiſſaries of Edinburgh; he repreſented the burgh of Dumbarton in the Scottiſh Parliament, and was choſen one of the commiſſioners for framing the treaty of Union. He married Jane, daughter of Sir Aulay Macaulay, Bart. of Ardincaple, by whom he had four ſons and two daughters. All his ſons were ſent to complete their education at the Univerſity of Leyden, according to a faſhion which prevailed in Scotland at that time. The eldeſt, Tobias, went early into the army, obtained the rank of Captain, and died a young man; the ſecond, James, was bred to the law, and ſucceeded his father in the office of Commiſſary of Edinburgh; the third, George, was alſo bred to law, practiſed for ſome time at the Scottiſh bar, and ſucceeded his brother James as Commiſſary of Edinburgh *.

The fourth ſon, Archibald, received a liberal education, but was bred to no profeſſion. Soon after his return from Leyden, he married, without previouſly conſulting his father, Barbara Cunningham, daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Gilbertfield †, in the neighbourhood of Glaſgow; a woman of diſtinguiſhed underſtanding, taſte and elegance. As ſhe was of an amiable character, and reſpectable family, his father had no other reaſon to be diſpleaſed with the alliance, except that it had been entered into without conſulting him, and that ſhe had little or no portion. Sir James gave his ſon, however, a liferent of the houſe and farm of Dalquhurn, on the banks of the Leven, and near the family manſion of Bonhill, which, with an annuity, made his income about 300l. a-year. They had two ſons and a daughter. A ſhort time after the birth of the youngeſt of theſe children, Archibald died, and left his family entirely depend-

* The names of *George* and *James* appear at an "Act of the Faculty of Advocates, in favour of Mr. Ruddiman, 15th July 1710," with *fac ſimiles* of their ſignatures, in Chalmers's Life of Ruddiman, *Appendix*, No. 3.

† The celebrated reſidence of Lieutenant William Hamilton, the poetical friend and correſpondent of Allan Ramſay.

ent on the bounty of their grandfather. The eldeſt of the ſons, whoſe name was James, embraced the military profeſſion, in which he attained the rank of Captain; the regiment to which he belonged was ordered abroad; the tranſport in which he was, with part of the troops, was loſt off the coaſt of America. He was a young man of diſtinguiſhed ſpirit, and an excellent character; his brother never mentioned him but in the moſt affectionate terms.

The daughter, whoſe name was Jane, married in 1739, Alexander Telfer, Eſq. a man of conſiderable fortune. He was at that time leſſee of the lead mines at Wanlockhead, and reſided many years at Leadhills in Lanarkſhire. He afterwards purchaſed the eſtates of Scotſton in Peebleſhire, and Symington in Lanarkſhire, and died in 1760, leaving three ſons, Alexander, James, and Archibald, and one daughter, Jane. Mrs. Telfer was a woman of admirable good ſenſe, and highly eſteemed. Upon the death of her couſin, James Smollett, Eſq. of Bonhill, one of the Commiſſaries of Edinburgh, in 1776, ſhe ſucceeded to the family eſtate of Bonhill, of about one thouſand pounds a-year; for which it was neceſſary for her to reſume her maiden name of Smollett, and died in 1789, in the 70th year of her age. Her eldeſt ſon, Alexander Telfer, Eſq. of Symington, ſucceeded to the eſtate of Bonhill, and aſſumed the name of Smollett. He married Miſs Renton, daughter of John Renton, Eſq. of Blackadder, in Berwickſhire, and niece of the late Earl of Eglinton, and died in 1799, leaving two ſons, Alexander and John, and ſix daughters.

His eldeſt ſon, Alexander, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and member of Parliament for the county of Dumbarton, ſucceeded to the family eſtates of Symington and Bonhill *, of about ſixteen hundred pounds a-year; and was killed at the battle of Alkmaer, in Holland, in 1799. His brother, John Smollett, Eſq. is the repreſentative of the family.

SMOLLETT was born at Dalquhurn †, in the pariſh of

* His father had ſold the eſtate of Scotſton ſome time before.

† Extenſive bleacheries, and conſiderable fabrics for the printing of linen and cotton, have been eſtabliſhed near the old houſe of Dalquhurn. It became neceſſary to build a village for the accommodation of the great

Cardroſs, in 1721; and baptized TOBIAS GEORGE, as appears from the regiſter of the pariſh, to which that part of the vale, lying between Lochlomond and the town of Dumbarton, belongs.

His own deſcription of the delightful valley, in which he ſpent the earlieſt part of his life, and of the ſurrounding ſcenery, merits attention; as it is highly probable, that the beautiful and ſublime objects which preſented themſelves on all ſides to his eyes, tended to enliven his fancy, and to cheriſh that taſte for poetry, of which he gave early proofs by his deſcriptive verſes.

"The water of Leven, though nothing near ſo conſiderable as the Clyde, is much more tranſparent, paſtoral, and delightful. This charming ſtream is the outlet of Lochlomond, and, through a tract of four miles, purſues its winding courſe, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Frith of Clyde at Dumbarton. On this ſpot ſtands the caſtle, formerly called Alcluyd, waſhed by theſe two rivers on all ſides, except a narrow iſthmus, which at every ſpring tide is overflowed; the whole is a great curioſity, from the quality and form of the rock, as from the nature of its ſituation. A very little above the ſource of the Leven, on the lake, ſtands the houſe of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett *, ſo emboſomed in oak wood, that we did not ſee it till we were within fifty yards of the door. The lake approaches on one ſide to within ſix or ſeven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher ſite, which would have afforded a more extenſive proſpect and a drier atmoſphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the preſent proprietor, who purchaſed it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family houſe of Bonhill, which ſtands two miles from hence, on the Leven, ſo ſurrounded with plantations, that it uſed to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thruſh) Neſt. Above that houſe is a romantic glen, or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a ſtream of fine water that forms a

numbers of people employed in thoſe works. Mrs. Smollett furniſhed a part of the farm for that purpoſe; the village was, on her death, built under the patronage of Mr. Smollett, her eldeſt ſon; and, in compliment to his lady, is called Renton.

* The late Commiſſary Smollett.

number of caſcades in its deſcent to join the Leven, ſo that the ſcene is quite enchanting.

"I have ſeen the Lago di Gardi, Albano de Vico, Bolſena, and Geneva, and I prefer Lochlomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant iſlands that ſeem to float upon its ſurface, affording the moſt enchanting objects of repoſe to the excurſive view. Nor are the banks deſtitute of beauties which even partake of the ſublime. On this ſide they diſplay a ſweet variety of woodland, corn-field, and paſture, with ſeveral agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake; till at ſome diſtance, the proſpect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is juſtly ſtyled the Arcadia of Scotland: I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate. I am ſure it excels it in verdure, wood and water. What ſay you to a natural baſon of pure water, near thirty miles long, and, in ſome places, ſeven miles broad, and in many above a hundred fathom deep, having four-and-twenty habitable iſlands, ſome of them ſtocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood, containing immenſe quantities of delicious fiſh, ſalmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels and powans, the laſt a delicate kind of freſh-water herring peculiar to this lake; and finally communicating with the ſea, by ſending off the Leven, through which all thoſe ſpecies (except the powan), make their exit and entrance occaſionally *."

The impreſſions which his mind had received, at this early period of his life, of the romantic beauties of the valley of Leven, he has himſelf delineated, with incomparable elegance and ſimplicity, in his pictureſque and accurately deſcriptive *Ode* to that river, to which the above deſcription is introductory.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure ſtream! in whoſe tranſparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;

* *Expedition of Humphry Clinker.*

No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource;
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread;
While, lightly pois'd, the ſcaly brood
In myriads cleave thy cryſtal flood;
The ſpringing trout in ſpeckled pride;
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war;
The ſilver eel, and motled par *.

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, ſo gayly green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be ſeen,
And laſſes chanting o'er the pail,
And ſhepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And induſtry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts reſolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The bleſſings they enjoy to guard †.

In his early childhood Smollett diſcovered the moſt promiſing indications of a lively and vigorous mind, which was cultivated, not only by the fond attention of his parents, but by a frequent intercourſe with his venerable grandfather.

He was inſtructed in the rudiments of claſſical learning at the grammar ſchool of Dumbarton, then taught by Mr. John Love, an eminent ſcholar, an excellent teacher, and a good man ‡; where he exhibited proofs of that fertility of genius which characterized his future life.

* The par is a ſmall fiſh, not unlike the ſmelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour. *Smell.*

† The rural virtues, occupations, and paſtimes of the poet's native valley, have, unhappily, within theſe few years, been gradually giving way to the prevalence of manufactures, wealth, and corruption of manners.

‡ Mr. Love was born at Dumbarton in 1695, educated at the Univerſity of Glaſgow, became maſter of the ſchool of Dumbarton in 1720, of the High School of Edinburgh in 1735, and of the ſchool of Dalkeith in 1739, where he died in 1750. He is the author of "Animadverſions on the Latin Grammar lately publiſhed by Mr. Robert Trotter, ſchool-maſter at Dumfries;" Edinburgh, 8vo, 1733; to which the learned Ruddiman appended a "Diſſertation upon the way of Teaching of the Latin Language:" And of "A Vindication of Mr. George Buchanan;" Edinburgh, 8vo. 1749, againſt his friend Ruddiman, in his prejudices as a politician. To this pamphlet Ruddiman replied, in "Animadverſions," &c. Edinburgh, 8vo. 1749. In recording his death in the Caledonian Mercury, 24th September 1750, Ruddiman had the liberality to give the fol-

The firſt bloſſoms of his poetical genius appeared while he was at the ſchool of Dumbarton; they were chiefly ſatires on his ſchool-fellows, whoſe characters and conduct diſguſted him, and verſes to the memory of the renowned Wallace, of whom he became an early admirer, from the popular ſtories of the marvellous ſtratagems and brilliant exploits of that heroic patriot, repeated, with fond credulity, by every peaſant in that part of the country.

Here, too, he became acquainted with the writings of Buchanan, the greateſt name in Scottiſh literature, whoſe eyes firſt opened on the ſame ſublime ſcenery, that firſt ſtruck thoſe of Smollett, and whoſe hiſtory of Scotland became an incitement to his ſtudying, and a means of his attaining a knowledge of the Latin language *.

After the ordinary courſe of ſchool education at Dumbarton, he was removed to Glaſgow; where he proſecuted his ſtudies with diligence and ſucceſs, proportioned to his opportunities of improvement.

In Glaſgow he formed an intimacy with ſome ſtudents of medicine, which, more than any predilection for the ſtudy, determined him to embrace the profeſſion of phyſic, and by the advice of his relations, he was put apprentice to Mr. John Gordon, a ſurgeon of extenſive practice, and a man of good ſenſe, integrity, and benevolence †.

Being born to the proſpect of no hereditary riches, and brought up amidſt ſcenes which chiefly recalled the memory of warriors and military exploits ‡, he had early im-

lowing character of his antagoniſt: "For his uncommon knowledge in claſſical learning, his indefatigable diligence, and ſtrictneſs of diſcipline, without ſeverity, he was juſtly accounted one of the moſt ſufficient maſters in this country."

* George Buchanan was born on the banks of the rivulet Blain, in the pariſh of Killearn, at a ſhort diſtance from Lochlomond, where a monument has lately been erected to his memory.

† Mr. Gordon, a few years after, having received a diploma from the Univerſity of Glaſgow, practiſed with great reputation as a phyſician. Smollett is ſuppoſed, in ſpite of the moſt incompatible circumſtances, to have drawn the character of this worthy man, under the name of *Potion*, in his *Roderick Random*.

‡ The heroic King Robert Bruce ſometimes reſided at Cardroſs Caſtle, where he is ſaid to have died. When King Edward I. held the greateſt part of Scotland in temporary ſubjection, Wallace, whoſe wonderful exploits revived the dying ſpirits of his countrymen, and enabled them to expel their invaders, often found an aſylum between the two peaks of the famous fortreſs of Dumbarton, believed, by the fond admiration of the neighbouring inhabitants, to be impregnable.

bibed romantic ideas, and expreſſed a ſtrong inclination for the profeſſion of arms, rather than

——————— to wait on Pain,
And ſilent arts to urge, inglorious *.

But the particular bias which his mind had received from early impreſſion, was thwarted by his ſituation; for his elder brother having choſen the profeſſion of a ſoldier, his grandfather prudently diſcouraged the inclination he expreſſed to follow his brother's example, thinking he ſhould be able to promote their advancement in ſeparate profeſſions more effectually than in the ſame line.

During his apprenticeſhip he ſtudied anatomy and medicine, under the different profeſſors of the Univerſity, with ſufficient diligence and reputation. Their lectures, however, did not engroſs his whole attention. He found leiſure to cultivate the ſtudy of the *belles lettres* and poetry; and found opportunities alſo of enlarging his knowledge of the characters of mankind; which afterwards became his favourite ſtudy on a larger theatre.

At Glaſgow, Dr. Moore informs us, he began to direct the edge of his boyiſh ſatire againſt ſuch green and ſcanty ſhoots of affectation and ridicule as the ſoil produced. The ſhafts of his wit were not even then confined to the coquetry and foppery of the youthful and faſhionable only, but were ſometimes aimed at the ſelfiſhneſs and hypocriſy of the more formal and ſerious part of the citizens, among whom the chief means of importance were wealth and piety.

Theſe early productions of his muſe afforded much entertainment to his young companions, but they gave offence to many ſober and induſtrious perſons, who were expoſed to his ſatire. Some of them, it is ſaid, poſſeſſed a conſiderable portion of that ſpecies of humour, for which he was afterwards ſo much diſtinguiſhed. None of them, however, have been thought worthy of preſervation.

One of his juvenile frolics is related by Dr. Moore, from the information of one of his earlieſt comrades.—"On a winter evening, when the ſtreets were covered with ſnow, Smollett happened to be engaged in a ſnow-

* Akenſide.

ball fight, with a few boys of his own age. Among his aſſociates was the apprentice of that ſurgeon, who is ſuppoſed to have been delineated under the name of *Crab* in "Roderick Random." He entered his ſhop, while his apprentice was in the heat of the engagement. On the return of the latter, the maſter remonſtrated ſeverely with him for his negligence in quitting the ſhop. The youth excuſed himſelf by ſaying, that while he was employed in making up a preſcription, a fellow had hit him with a ſnow-ball; and that he had been in purſuit of the delinquent.

"A mighty probable ſtory, truly," ſaid the maſter, in an ironical tone; "I wonder how long I ſhould ſtand here," added he, "before it would enter into any mortal's head to throw a ſnow-ball at me." While he was holding his head erect, with a moſt ſcornful air, he received a very ſevere blow in the face by a ſnow-ball.

"Smollett, who ſtood concealed behind the pillar at the ſhop door, had heard the dialogue, and perceiving that his companion was puzzled for an anſwer, he extricated him by a repartee equally ſmart, and *à propos*."

While he attended the anatomical and medical lectures in the Univerſity, and had already produced ſome verſes that met with a very favourable reception, he was tempted to try his powers in dramatic poetry, and wrote a tragedy, called *The Regicide*, or *James the Firſt of Scotland*, founded on the affecting circumſtances related by Buchanan, of the aſſaſſination of that accompliſhed prince, in a convent near Perth, in the preſence of his queen, at the inſtigation of his uncle, Walter Stuart Earl of Atholl, in 1437 *.

Smollett was now in the eighteenth year of his age, and had hitherto been maintained in a decent manner by his

* "Interim dum intenti illic expectant, quod in mora futurum videbatur, nempe ut cubiculi fores perfringerent, abſque eorum opera fortuna expedivit. Valterus enim Stratonius, qui vinum paulo ante intulerat, egrediens cum cerneret armatos, intro ſe proripere conatus, quanta potuit contentione vocis proditores adeſſe clamat. Hunc dum ſicarii conſiciunt, adoleſcentula nobilis è gente Dugluſſia, ut plures tradunt (alii † Lovelliam edunt), cum objecta valva peſſulum fraude miniſtri ablatum non inveniret, brachium in foramen loco peſſuli inſervit: ſed eo celeriter confracto, intromiſſi ſicarii in regem irruunt. Eum regina ſuo corpore

† The name of the young lady was Catharine Douglas; ſhe was afterwards married to Alexander Lovell of Ballumbie.

grandfather, who, had he lived, would, in all probability, have continued to ſupport and puſh him forward in the world. At his death, which happened about this period, he was in an unfortunate ſituation; for it was found, that he had made little or no proviſion for the children of his youngeſt ſon. His elder brother was then with his regiment, his ſiſter lived with her mother, but was, ſoon after, married to Mr. Telfer; from which time Mrs. Smollett commonly lived with her daughter, firſt at Leadhills, and afterwards at Scotſton and Edinburgh.

At the age of nineteen, his apprenticeſhip being finiſhed, and having gone through the uſual courſe of anatomy and medicine in the Univerſity, he determined to leave Scotland, and try his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion. He ſet out accordingly, to ſolicit employment in the army or the navy, and to bring his tragedy upon the ſtage, with no other helps than a ſmall ſum of money, a very large aſſortment of letters of recommendation, the fruitful reſources of a mind ſtored with profeſſional knowledge and general literature, a rich vein of humour, a lively imagination, and an engaging perſon and addreſs.

On his arrival in London, his tragedy, he tells us, with ſome recommendations from his literary friends, "was taken into the protection of one of thoſe little fellows who are ſometimes called great men, and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly."

"Stung with reſentment, which I miſtook for contempt, I reſolved to puniſh this barbarous indifference, and actually diſcarded my patron; conſoling myſelf with the barren praiſe of a few aſſociates, who, in the moſt indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters obſervations on my piece, which, in conſequence of thoſe ſuggeſtions, put on a new appearance almoſt every day, until my occaſions called me out of the kingdom *."

Although his friends were unſucceſsful in uſing their

objecto, cum protegere conaretur, ac proſtrato ſe ſuperfudiſſet, duobus vulneribus acceptis, vix abſtrahi potuit. Tum ipſum ab omnibus relictum viginti octo plagis confoſſum, aliquot recta in cor directis tru cidant." Buchan. Rerum Scotic. Hiſtor. lib. x.

* *Preface to the Regicide.*

influence to get his tragedy recommended to the managers of the theatres, they ſucceeded in procuring for him the ſituation of ſurgeon's mate to a ſhip of the line.

In this ſituation, he entered on board one of the largeſt ſhips of the fleet, in the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena, under Admiral Vernon, and General Wentworth, in 1741, of which he publiſhed a brief, but ſpirited account in his *Roderick Random*, and afterwards a more circumſtantial narrative, diſtinguiſhed by acuteneſs of obſervation and depth of reflection, in *A Compendium of Voyages*, in 7 vols. 12mo, 1756.

Smollett continued only a ſhort time in the ſervice of the navy, being ſoon diſguſted with the drudgery to which his profeſſional duty expoſed him; and although he had a certainty of being promoted, he quitted the ſervice in the Weſt Indies, and reſided for ſome time in the Iſland of Jamaica, where he firſt became acquainted with Anne Laſcelles, a beautiful and accompliſhed woman, whom he afterwards married.

He returned to London in 1746, after the ſuppreſſion of the rebellion, by the memorable victory obtained over the rebels by the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden. The accounts circulated at that time in England of the exceſſive ſeverities exerciſed upon the Highlanders after the battle, though probably exaggerated, excited his honeſt indignation, and awaked thoſe affectionate feelings which he ever retained for his native country.

He had been bred a whig, and the natural independent turn of his mind was congenial to the early principles in which he was educated; but when he reflected on the ſufferings of the miſguided adherents of the unfortunate Houſe of Stuart, the ſenſibility of his heart gave him the feelings of a Jacobite; ideas of national independence aroſe in his mind, and he expreſſed his reſentment of his country's fate in his pathetic and ſublime ode, *The Tears of Scotland*, beginning,

> Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia! mourn,
> Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!

Some copies of the Ode, which conſiſted originally of ſix ſtanzas, having been imprudently circulated in London, with the name of the author, his friends, thinking

it might offend the leaders of the Whig party, adviſed him to ſuppreſs it, or conceal his being the author; but the caution of his adviſers made him avow it more openly; and after the remonſtrances to ſuppreſs it, he added the ſeventh ſtanza, beginning,

> While the warm blood bedews my veins,
> And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
> Reſentment of my country's fate
> Within my filial heart ſhall beat *.

There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Smollett entertained any wiſh for the reſtoration of the Houſe of Stuart; but the recollection of fallen greatneſs, and of the heroic valour, worthy of a better cauſe, which vainly ſtrove to maintain it, mingling with his nationality and romantic ſenſibility, ſeems to have perverted his political principles, and made him a keen opponent of the Whig miniſters of George II. whom he conſidered as the enemies of his country, and ſtigmatized as a ſet of ſelfiſh, ſordid knaves, though they were aſſociated in the cauſe of freedom, and gave additional ſecurity to liberty by the ſuppreſſion of the rebellion in favour of the Pretender, and by maintaining the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in the Houſe of Hanover.

In Autumn 1746, Smollett began his literary career, and publiſhed his *Advice, a Satire*, in 4to. The plan of this performance is ſimilar to that of one of Pope's ſatires; a dialogue is ſuppoſed to be carried on between the *Poet* and his *Friend*, who is repreſented as giving him advice, to which he anſwers with great ſpirit, and, in his replies, attacks, with all the ſeverity of Juvenal, ſeveral individuals of rank and fortune, who were ſuſpected of ſome of the moſt odious vices of the times, and indulges his ironical vein with no ſmall degree of freedom, in pointing out to the ſcorn and reproach of the nation, the moſt powerful perſons at that time in the adminiſtration of the government.

* *The Tears of Scotland* was printed, without the author's name, in "A Collection of the moſt eſteemed Pieces of Poetry that have appeared for ſeveral years, with variety of Originals," &c. 12mo; Richardſon and Urquhart, 1767, 1770. This collection is commonly, but erroneouſly, aſcribed to Moſes Mendez, Eſq. who died in 1758. The Ode has been ſometimes printed with the name of Dr. Armſtrong.

——————— The queſtion only, whether
Theſe names and virtues ever dwelt together *?

This performance, though poſſeſſed of much poetical merit, gave great uneaſineſs to thoſe who wiſhed well to Smollett, as, from its peculiar acrimony, it was far more calculated to injure his ſelf-happineſs, by raiſing him powerful enemies, than to advance his reputation by the diſplay of his talent in ſatire.

The talent of prying into the follies and vices of mankind, though frequently uſeful to the public, is always dangerous to the poſſeſſor. The ſatiriſt cannot declaim againſt the world without dreading ſome retribution; in the full career of triumph, he trembles at the thought of being hated by thoſe he pretends to deſpiſe, and commonly meets with the contempt which he ſo liberally beſtows.

Smollett was aware of the danger and obloquy attending the office of a general ſatiriſt, and of the reſentment which his poem might kindle in the breaſts of individuals; but he was little influenced, through the whole courſe of his life, by conſiderations of prudence, and never intimidated from avowing his ſentiments of public men, by the fear of making powerful enemies.

Soon after the appearance of this ſatire, he wrote for Mr. Rich, at that time manager of Covent Garden Theatre, an opera, entitled *Alceſte*; but a diſpute taking place between the author and the manager, it was never acted, nor printed. The muſic to this opera was compoſed by Handel, who, finding that no uſe was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Dryden's leſſer "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day †."

About the beginning of the year 1747 he publiſhed his *Reproof, a Satire*, in 4to, a ſecond part of the former, and written with equal energy of expreſſion, and acrimony of cenſure ‡. In this ſatire he unkennels and laſhes with redoubled ſeverity the whole pack of military cow-

* The names of the Dukes of Newcaſtle and Grafton, the Earls of Bath, Granville, and Cholmondely, and Sir William Yonge, and Mr. Pitt, "th' unſhaken Abdiel," are pointed out by the *Friend* who holds the dialogue with the *Poet*, in a manner not to be miſtaken.

† Hawkins's "Hiſtory of Muſic," Vol. I. p. 28, Vol. V. p. 324.

‡ A new edition of *Advice and Reproof, two Satires*, &c. was printed together, for W. Owen, 4to, 1748.

ards, army contractors, uſurers, gameſters, poetaſters, pimps and proſtitutes; and not only renews his attack on an unpopular General of that time,

The vanquiſh'd knight, who triumph'd in his trial *;

but alſo expoſes the proceedings of the Board of Inquiry, who acquitted him, in a ſtrain of allegorical ſarcaſm and invective that cannot eaſily be exceeded.

His recent quarrel with Mr. Rich obtained for him the diſtinction of being mentioned for his peculiar excellence in the compoſition of thoſe performances which demand ſhow and expence.

Fraught with the ſpirit of a Gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulneſs and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal, ſo barbarous and loud,
While his brain pours new monſters on the crowd †.

Mr. Rich had felt the ſhafts of Pope's ſatire before ‡, and was not of a temper to be much diſturbed by Smollett's vengeance, which only injured himſelf, as it procured him the enmity of a manager of one of the theatres, at a time when his friends were uſing their influence to get his tragedy acted, when he was yet unknown in the town, and when his pecuniary reſources were very ſlender.

At this period his tender attachment for Miſs Laſcelles, which began in the Iſland of Jamaica, and had been endeared by a long reciprocal affection, was at length rewarded by the poſſeſſion of her hand, and the expectation of a fortune of 3000l. in Weſt Indian property.

The marriage ceremony was performed in London, and to a perſon in Smollett's circumſtances, the fortune of his wife made it a deſirable connexion; but it proved leſs happy, in many reſpects, than might be expected from his union with a woman of an affectionate diſpoſition, and an elegant mind.

* Sir John Cope. *Smoll.*

† *Reproof.*

‡ He look'd and ſaw a ſable ſorcerer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies;
All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants ruſh to war.
Hell riſes, heaven deſcends, and dance on earth,
Gods, imps and monſters, muſic, rage and mirth;
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all. Dunciad.

He now hired a genteel houſe, and lived in a ſtyle of elegance and hoſpitality, agreeable to his own generous diſpoſition, and ſuitable to the taſte and education of his wife, in expectation of receiving the fortune that belonged to her, of which, however, he obtained little or nothing, after a vexatious and expenſive litigation, which impaired her conſtitution, naturally delicate, and involved him in conſiderable pecuniary difficulties.

He again had recourſe to his pen for ſubſiſtence, and in the year 1748 publiſhed his *Adventures of Roderick Random*, in 2 vols. 12mo, an hiſtorical novel, executed upon the plan of Le Sage's "Adventures of Gil Blas;" a work replete with humour and entertainment, which had a rapid and extenſive ſale, and brought him both reputation and money.

This novel was ſuppoſed, at the time of its appearance, to contain the real hiſtory of the author's life, the incidents and characters only altered and diſguiſed in ſome of the circumſtances, to prevent application being made to himſelf or his acquaintance.

The adventures in which Smollett was engaged during his early youth, were eaſily found in the boyiſh pranks of *Roderick Random*. *Crab* and *Potion*, the two apothecaries, were believed, and aſſerted to have been intended for two reſpectable ſurgeons in Glaſgow. *Squire Gawky* was a character well known in that part of the kingdom where the ſcene is laid. *Captains Oakum* and *Whiffle* were alſo ſaid to be real perſons. A bookbinder and barber are ſaid to have long contended for being deſigned under the ideal character of *Strap*, but their names are now forgotten.

His biographer, Dr. Moore, himſelf a delightful noveliſt*, acknowledges that Smollett was not ſufficiently careful to prevent ſuch applications. *Roderick Random*, he juſtly obſerves, is unqueſtionably ſometimes placed in ſituations ſimilar to thoſe in which Smollett had been; but it is equally certain, that other circumſtances in *Random's* ſtory are ſo different from thoſe which belonged to the author himſelf, that he believed the application would never have been made.

* Three works of this lively and agreeable writer, "Zeluco," "Edward," and "Mordaunt," rank with the moſt inſtructive and entertaining novels in the Engliſh language.

The father of *Random*, for example, is met by his ſon in the Spaniſh Weſt Indies; the father of Smollett died before the latter left Scotland. *Random* is the only child of his parents; Smollett had a brother and ſiſter. The mother of *Random* has a brother who is a lieutenant in the navy, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in the work; Smollett had no uncle in the navy. Many other incompatible circumſtances convinced Smollett that his own character, and thoſe of his relations, would not be confounded with the perſons deſcribed in Roderick Random.

In the ſtory of *Melopoyn*, the ſevere reflections which are directed againſt the theatrical managers, Mr. Lacy and Mr. Garrick, who are deſigned under the characters of *Brayer* and *Marmoſet*, confirm the opinion which prevailed at the time, that *Melopoyn's* tragedy and Smollett's were the ſame.

In the year 1749, his tragedy of *The Regicide*, after having been expoſed during a period of ten years to the cenſure of critics of all degrees, and, "after a cajoling dream of good fortune," finally rejected by the managers of the theatres, was publiſhed in 8vo, by ſubſcription, very much to his emolument.

To this unfortunate play, which is certainly ſuperior in merit to moſt of the dramatic productions of that period, he prefixed a *Preface*, in which, with perſevering bitterneſs, he complains, as he had done before in *Roderick Random*, of the inſolence of pretended patrons, and the duplicity of theatrical managers, and dwells, with a tedious and unavailing minuteneſs, on the numerous difficulties and diſappointments he encountered, in attempting to get it repreſented on the ſtage.

"I and my production were introduced to a late patentee, of courteous memory, who found means to amuſe me a whole ſeaſon, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year, adviſing me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to correct ſuch alterations as ſhould be thought neceſſary for its ſucceſsful appearance on the ſtage. But I did not find my account in following this wholeſome advice; for to me he was always leſs and leſs

at leiſure. In ſhort, after ſundry promiſes, and many evaſions, in the courſe of which he practiſed upon me the whole art of procraſtination, I demanded his final anſwer, with ſuch obſtinacy and warmth, that he could no longer reſiſt my importunity, and refuſed my tragedy in plain terms. Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itſelf, but ſeemed to fear my intereſt was not ſufficient to ſupport it in the repreſentation; affirming, that *no dramatic compoſition, however perfect, could ſucceed with an Engliſh audience by its own merit, but muſt entirely depend upon a faction raiſed in its behalf* *."

The uncandid and unjuſt reflections into which the warmth and impetuoſity of his temper hurried him on this occaſion againſt Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Garrick, he afterwards regretted, and, in handſome terms, retracted the haſty expreſſions of his diſappointment, in giving a ſketch of the characters of Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Garrick, the principal objects of his reſentment, in his *Complete Hiſtory of England.*

In the Summer 1750, Smollett went to Paris, to ſurvey the characters of mankind on a new theatre, and in greater variety than he had hitherto had any opportunity of viewing them in the capital of England.

At Paris he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Hunter of Burnſide, and ſome other Scottiſh gentlemen, who had been engaged in the rebellion 1745, and renewed his acquaintance with Dr. Moore, who had been introduced to him in England, and accompanied him in ſome excurſions to St. Cloud, Verſailles, and other places in the environs of the capital of France.

Though Smollett was an accurate obſerver of human nature, and an acute inveſtigator of character, yet he had imbibed ſome of the common Engliſh prejudices againſt the French nation, of which he never got entirely free. Dr. Moore informs us, he never attained the power of ſpeaking their language with facility, which prevented him from mixing in their ſociety, and deciding from his own obſervation on their national character †.

The ſucceſs attending his novel of *Roderick Random*

* *Preface to the Regicide.*
† Moore's Life of Smollett.

having encouraged him to exerciſe his abilities in that ſpecies of compoſition, about that time, or while he was in France, he wrote his *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, with the Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*; a work replete with humour, character, and ſentiment, which was publiſhed in 1751, in 4 vols. 12mo, and received with ſuch extraordinary avidity, that a very large impreſſion was quickly ſold in England, another was bought up in Ireland, a tranſlation was executed into the French language, and it ſoon made its appearance in a *ſecond edition*, with an apologetical *Advertiſement*, and *Two Letters*, relating *to the Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, ſent to the editor by a perſon of honour*, inſerted at the beginning of the ſecond volume.

In the *Advertiſement* prefixed to the new edition, he complains bitterly of the arts and induſtry that were uſed to ſtifle *Peregrine Pickle* in the birth, by certain bookſellers and others, who were at uncommon pains to miſrepreſent the work, and calumniate the author.

"It was the author's duty, therefore," he ſays, "as well as his intereſt, to oblige the public with this edition, which he has endeavoured to render leſs unworthy of their acceptance, by retrenching the ſuperfluities of the firſt, reforming its manners, and correcting its expreſſion. Divers unintereſting incidents are wholly ſuppreſſed; ſome humorous ſcenes he has endeavoured to heighten; and he flatters himſelf that he has expunged every adventure, phraſe, and inſinuation, that could be conſtrued by the moſt delicate reader into a treſpaſs upon the rules of decorum.

"He owns with contrition that, in one or two inſtances, he gave way too much to the ſuggeſtions of perſonal reſentment, and repreſented characters as they appeared to him at that time, through the exaggerating medium of prejudice. But he has in this impreſſion endeavoured to make atonement for theſe extravagancies. Howſoever he may have erred in point of judgment or diſcretion, he defies the whole world to prove, that he was ever guilty of one act of malice, ingratitude, or diſhonour. This declaration he may be permitted to make without incurring the imputation of vanity or preſumption, conſidering the numerous ſhafts of envy, rancour,

and revenge, that have lately, both in public and private, been levelled at his reputation."

In the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, Smollett obſerved the ſame hiſtorical arrangement which, in imitation of Le Sage, he had adopted in the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, and inſerted in it, as he had done in his former novel, many real incidents and characters, exhibited ſometimes with the fidelity of hiſtory, and ſometimes in the broad ſtyle of caricature.

The *Memoirs of Lady Vane* *, the materials of which ſhe herſelf furniſhed, and for inſerting which Smollett received a very handſome reward, excited much attention at that time, and contributed greatly to the ſucceſs of *Peregrine Pickle*.

To the fate of this lady, who in perſonal charms and accompliſhments was reckoned inferior to no woman that has appeared in England in the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnſon has a ſtriking alluſion in his "Vanity of Human Wiſhes:"

> Yet *Vane* could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
> And Sedley † curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Her life afforded a melancholy inſtance of the miſeries inſeparable from a miſapplication of ſuperior talents and elegant accompliſhments. The miſunderſtandings, elopements, and various diſgraceful ſituations to which ſhe expoſed herſelf, are too well known to be concealed, but may now, with no impropriety, be buried in oblivion.

The ſtory of the Scottiſh exiles, whom *Pickle* meets at

* *Lady Vane* was the daughter of Francis Hawes, Eſq. of Purley-Hall, near Reading in Berkſhire, one of the South-Sea Directors in 1720, and married, about the beginning of 1732, at the age of ſeventeen, to Lord William Hamilton, who, dying July 11, 1734, ſhe married, May 19, 1735, Lord Viſcount Vane of the kingdom of Ireland, with whom ſhe lived and parted, and parted and lived; and died in London, March 31, 1788, in the 72d year of her age.

The anecdotes reſpecting *Lady Vane*, which are inſerted in *Peregrine Pickle*, produced "A Letter to Lady V—, on her Memoirs in Peregrine Pickle," 8vo, 1751. "Hiſtory of Lady Frail," 12mo, 1751. "Parallel between the character of Lady Frail and the Lady of Quality in Peregrine Pickle," 8vo, 1751; and "Apology for the Conduct of Lady Frail," 8vo, 1751; and other performances, now deſervedly neglected.

† Catharine, only child of Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. though not handſome, had unfortunately captivated King James II. who created her Baroneſs of Darlington and Counteſs of Dorcheſter.

Boulogne, on their return from their diurnal pilgrimage to the ſea-ſide to view the white cliffs of Britain, which they were never more to approach, is atteſted by Dr. Moore. Mr. Hunter of Burnſide was the individual among them who is mentioned as having wept bitterly over the misfortune of having involved a beloved wife and three children in miſery and diſtreſs, and in the impatience of his grief, having curſed his own fate with frantic imprecations. Dr. Moore heard Mr. Hunter expreſs himſelf in this manner to Smollett, and at the ſame time relate the affecting viſit which he and his companions daily made to the ſea-ſide when they reſided at Boulogne *.

Among the ſeveral inſtances which are given in *Peregrine Pickle* of the arbitrary nature of the French government, and of the intolerable inſolence of the higher claſſes of ſociety towards the inferior, the ſtory of the king's horſedealer, who ſtabbed a barber for having accidentally cut his face in ſhaving, Dr. Moore remembers, was much talked of at that time in Paris. Whether the barber actually died of his wound, as ſtated by Smollett, is not certainly known †.

In the deſcription of the painter, deſigned under the name of *Pallet* in this performance, Smollett glanced at the character of an Engliſh artiſt whom he met at Paris, and who uſed to declaim on the ſubject of *virtu*, and often uſed the following expreſſion: "Paris is very rich in the arts, London is a Goth, and Weſtminſter a Vandal, compared to Paris." This preference, with the pert manners of the man, diſguſted Smollett, and he exhibited *Pallet* in *Peregrine Pickle* ‡.

In the caricature of *Pallet's* companion, the *Phyſician*, Smollett's whig opponent, Akenſide, a man of ſuperior genius, worth, and learning, he is leſs juſtifiable in giving way to perſonal reſentment, and repreſenting his character as it appeared to him through the medium of political prejudice. His pique at Akenſide, according to Dr. Moore's information, aroſe from ſome reflections he had thrown out againſt Scotland after his return from Edinburgh, where he had ſtudied. However inexpiable ſuch

* Moore's Life of Smollett. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

an offence may appear in the eyes of a young North Briton, the world in general will think it highly blameable to have given any grounds for the application of ſo ridiculous a character as the *Phyſician* in *Peregrine Pickle*, to a man of ſo much genius and real worth as Akenſide *.

In the intereſting ſtory of *Mr. M—*, *Pickle's* fellow-priſoner in the Fleet, Smollett exhibited in more favourable colouring the character of his friend Daniel Mackercher, Eſq. "the melting Scott †," a man well known, from the active and benevolent part he took in ſupporting the pretenſions of Mr. Anneſley, the unfortunate claimant of the Angleſea title and eſtate.

At this period, Smollett ſeems to have obtained the degree of Doctor of Phyſic, probably from a foreign Univerſity‡, and announced himſelf a candidate for fame and fortune as a phyſician, by a publication entitled, *An Eſſay on the External uſe of Water, in a Letter to Dr. ——— with particular remarks upon the preſent method of uſing the mineral waters at Bath in Somerſetſhire, and a plan for rendering them more ſafe, agreeable, and efficacious*; 4to, 1752. The performance advanced his reputation as a man of ſcience and taſte, but failed to conduct the phyſician to profeſſional eminence and wealth. This is the only publication in the line of his profeſſion which is known to have proceeded from his pen ‖.

In the practice of phyſic, Smollett, though poſſeſſed of ſuperior endowments, and eminent ſcientific qualifications, had the mortification, from whatever cauſe, to be unſucceſsful, at a moment when perhaps the neglect he experienced was aggravated by the unaccountable ſucceſs of many a ſuperficial unqualified contemporary, reaping the harveſt of wealth and reputation.

It has been ſuppoſed, that his want of ſucceſs in a profeſſion where merit cannot always enſure fame and affluence, was owing to his failing to render himſelf

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

† *Reproof, a Satire.*

‡ The reſearches of the preſent writer have not diſcovered his name in the Liſts of Graduates in the Scottiſh Univerſities.

‖ Though the value of Smollett's *Eſſay* is conſiderably diminiſhed by ſubſequent diſcoveries in pneumatic chemiſtry, it was recommended by the preſent writer as worthy of republication in the collection of his miſcellaneous writings.

agreeable to the fair ſex, whoſe favour is certainly of great conſequence to all candidates for eminence, whether in phyſic or divinity. But his figure and addreſs, which were uncommonly elegant and prepoſſeſſing, and his unſullied manners, render this ſuppoſition highly improbable. It is more likely his irritable temper, increaſed by the teazing and uncomfortable circumſtances of the profeſſion, and his contempt for the low arts of ſervility, ſuppleneſs, and cunning, were the real cauſes of his failure. It may be ſuppoſed alſo, that his publications, as a general ſatiriſt and cenſor of manners, were far more calculated to retard his progreſs as a phyſician, than to augment his practice.

Having been diſappointed, or perhaps too ſoon diſcouraged, in ſoliciting employment as a phyſician, he gave up all thoughts of practice, and reſolved to dedicate the remainder of his life to the literature of his country.

Accordingly, he now fixed his reſidence at Chelſea, a ſituation at a ſufficient diſtance from London, to prevent his literary occupations from being interrupted by too many viſitors, and ſufficiently near to permit him to ſee his friends, at his intervals of leiſure, and to preſerve an eaſy communication with his patrons and employers. At this period, he reckoned Dr. Armſtrong and Mr. Wilkes in the number of his moſt intimate friends, and moſt welcome viſitors.

As an author by profeſſion, his genius, learning, and induſtry, were equally conſpicuous in the ſeveral departments of novel-writing, of writing for the bookſellers, of writing for the ſtage, and of writing for a party in the name of the community.

The bookſellers, in the progreſs of his authorſhip, were his principal reſource for employment and ſubſiſtence. For them he held the pen of a ready writer, in compilations and tranſlations, and towards him they were always as liberal as the public enabled them to be. They were almoſt his only patrons; and indeed a more generous ſet of men can hardly be pointed out in the trading world. By their munificence, wit and learning have perhaps received more ample, more ſubſtantial encouragement, than from all their princely or noble patrons. The aſtoniſhing ſums which have been paid for manuſcripts by our Tonſons,

our Lintots, our Millars, our Cadells, our Johnſons, and our Robinſons, are ſufficient to reſcue the venders of literature from the reproach of ſuffering the diſpenſers of knowledge to conſume themſelves in the operation.

In the year 1753, he publiſhed his *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, in 2 vols. 12mo. This novel was not ſo generally read, on its firſt appearance, and has not ſince obtained ſuch an extenſive popularity as his former novels. The principal character is choſen from the purlieus of treachery and fraud, and exhibited in a ſeries of vicious actions which excite the reader's abhorrence. *Fathom* is not only leſs amiable and intereſting than either *Random* or *Pickle*, who unite agreeable qualities with profligate manners, but is utterly void of principle, perfidious, and ſuperlatively wicked. In his *Dedication to Dr.* ******, Smollett makes an apology for following a character of this kind through the intricacies of fraud, and juſtifies the introduction of vicious characters into works of fiction, by way of rendering them deteſtable and odious, with conſiderable energy and effect.

"Let me not therefore be condemned for having choſen my principal character from the purlieus of treachery and fraud, when I declare my purpoſe is to ſet him up as a beacon for the benefit of the inexperienced and unwary, who, from the peruſal of theſe memoirs, may learn to avoid the manifold ſnares with which they are continually ſurrounded in the paths of life, while thoſe who heſitate on the brink of iniquity may be terrified from plunging into that irremeable gulf, by ſurveying the deplorable fate of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* *."

The ſelf-accuſation of *Fathom*, on a retroſpective view of his conduct, affords a ſtriking, but melancholy proof, drawn from the genuine compunctions of human nature, that the repreſentation of ſuch a character, may ſerve the purpoſes of morality.

"To what purpoſe have I deſerted the paths of integrity and truth, and exhauſted a fruitful imagination in contriving ſchemes to betray my fellow-creatures; if, inſtead of acquiring a ſplendid fortune, which was my aim, I have ſuffered ſuch a ſeries of misfortunes, and at laſt

* *Dedication.*

brought myſelf to the brink of inevitable deſtruction? By a virtuous exertion of thoſe talents I inherit from nature and education, I might, early before this time, have rendered myſelf independent, and perhaps conſpicuous in life; I might have grown up like a young oak, which being firmly rooted in its kindred ſoil, gradually raiſes up its lofty head, expands its leafy arms, projects a noble ſhade, and towers the glory of the plain; I ſhould have paid the debt of gratitude to my benefactors, and made their hearts ſing with joy for the happy effects of their benevolence; I ſhould have been a bulwark to my friends, a ſhelter to my neighbours in diſtreſs; I ſhould have run the race of honour, ſeen my fame diffuſed like a ſweet-ſmelling odour, and felt the ineffable pleaſure of doing good: Whereas I am, after a viciſſitude of diſappointments, dangers, and fatigues, reduced to miſery and ſhame, aggravated by a conſcience loaded with treachery and guilt.

"I have abuſed the confidence and generoſity of my patron: I have defrauded his family under the maſk of ſincerity and attachment: I have taken the moſt cruel and baſe advantage of virtue in diſtreſs: I have ſeduced unſuſpecting innocence to ruin and deſpair: I have violated the moſt ſacred truſt repoſed in me by my friend and benefactor: I have betrayed his love, torn his noble heart aſunder, by means of the moſt perfidious ſlander and falſe inſinuations; and, finally, brought to an untimely grave the faireſt pattern of human beauty and perfection. Shall the author of theſe crimes paſs with impunity? Shall he hope to proſper in the midſt of ſuch enormous guilt? It were an imputation in providence to ſuppoſe it. Ah! No! I begin to feel myſelf overtaken by the eternal juſtice of heaven! I totter on the edge of wretchedneſs and woe, without one friendly hand to ſave me from the terrible abyſs."

The hiſtory of a law-ſuit, inſerted in this performance, ſeems to have drawn on Smollett, at the time of its appearance, the reſentment of a claſs of men, which he found as dangerous to offend as the managers of the ſtate and of the theatres.

Soon after the appearance of *Count Fathom*, he diſplayed the impetuoſity of his temper by the raſh manner

in which he chaſtiſed his countryman Peter Gordon, Eſq. who had behaved towards him with rudeneſs and ingratitude. "A ſimple blow" given to this perſon, "after repeated provocation, and that of the moſt flagrant kind," was exaggerated by him and his counſel into an intended aſſaſſination; and a proſecution in the King's Bench commenced accordingly. Of that intention he was honourably acquitted by the good ſenſe of an Engliſh jury, who, in ſpite of all the miſrepreſentation of malice, diſtinguiſhed between a premeditated aſſault, and the ſudden impulſe of a gentleman, in repelling unprovoked rudeneſs.

The Honourable Alexander Hume-Campbell, the proſecutor's counſel, having, in Smollett's opinion, exceeded the licence of the bar in intemperance of language, he drew up the following rough draught of a letter, demanding adequate reparation for the injurious treatment he had received at his hand, which he communicated to his friend Mr. Mackercher *, with a note, dated Chelſea, Feb. 23. 1753, ſignifying his intention to ſend it to Mr. Hume-Campbell, provided he thought it contained nothing actionable. It is not known whether it was ever ſent to Mr. Hume-Campbell, or whether he retracted what he ſaid to Smollett's prejudice.

"I have waited ſeveral days in hope of receiving from you an acknowledgment touching thoſe harſh, unjuſtifiable (and let me add), unmannerly expreſſions which you annexed to my name, in the Court of King's Bench, when you opened the cauſe depending between me and Peter Gordon; and as I do not find that you have diſcovered the leaſt inclination to retract what you ſaid to my prejudice, I have taken this method to refreſh your memory, and to demand ſuch ſatisfaction as a gentleman, injured as I am, has a right to claim.

"The buſineſs of a counſellor, is, I apprehend, to inveſtigate the truth in behalf of his client; but ſurely he has no privilege to blacken and aſperſe the character of the other party, without any regard to veracity or deco-

* Smollet ſeems, by the following note, to have occaſionally aſſiſted Mr. Mackercher in his diſtreſs. "I am much mortified that my raſcally ſituation will not at preſent permit me to ſend more than the trifle incloſed, as nothing could give me more pleaſure than an opportunity of ſhowing with how much friendſhip and eſteem I am, &c." Europ. Mag. Vol. V.

rum. That you assumed this unwarrantable privilege in commenting upon your brief, I believe you will not pretend to deny, when I remind you of those peculiar flowers of elocution which you poured forth on that notable occasion.—First of all, in order to inspire the Court with horror and contempt for the defendant, you gave the jury to understand, that you did not know this Dr. Smollett; and indeed, his character appeared in such a light from the facts contained in your brief, that you never should desire to know him.—I should be glad to learn of what consequence it could be to the cause, whether you did or did not know the defendant, or whether you had or had not an inclination to be acquainted with him?—Sir, this was a pitiful personality, calculated to depreciate the character of a gentleman to whom you was a stranger, merely to gratify the rancour and malice of an abandoned fellow who had feed you to speak in his cause.—Did I ever seek your acquaintance, or court your protection? I had been informed, indeed, that you was a lawyer of some reputation, and, when the suit commenced, would have retained you for that reason, had not I been anticipated by the plaintiff; but, far from coveting your acquaintance, I never dreamed of exchanging a word with you on that or any other subject: you might therefore have spared your invidious declaration, until I had put it in your power to mortify me with a repulse, which, upon my honour, would never have been the case, were you a much greater man than you really are.—Yet this was not the only expedient you used to prepossess the jury against me.—You was hardy enough to represent me as a person devoid of all humanity and remorse; as a barbarous ruffian, who, in a cowardly manner, had, with two associates as barbarous as myself, called a peaceable gentleman out of his lodgings, and assaulted him in the dark, with intent to murder.—Such an horrid imputation, publicly fixed upon a person whose innocence you could hardly miss to know, is an outrage, for which, I believe, I might find reparation from the law itself, notwithstanding your artful manner of qualifying the expression by saying, *provided the facts can be proved.* This low subterfuge may, for aught I know, screen you from a prosecution at law, but can never acquit you in

that court which every man of honour holds in his own breaſt. I ſay, you muſt have known my innocence, from the weakneſs of the evidence which you produced, and with which you either was, or ought to have been previouſly acquainted, as well as from my general character and that of my antagoniſt, which it was your duty to have learned.—I will venture to ſay, you did know my character, and in your heart believed me incapable of ſuch brutality as you laid to my charge.—Surely I do not over-rate my own importance in affirming, that I am not ſo obſcure in life as to have eſcaped the notice of Mr. Hume-Campbell; and I will be bold enough to challenge him and the whole world to prove one inſtance in which my integrity was called, or at leaſt left in queſtion.—Have not I, therefore, reaſon to ſuppoſe that, in ſpite of your own internal conviction, you undertook the cauſe of a wretch, whoſe ingratitude, villany, and rancour are, I firmly believe, without example in this kingdom; that you magnified a ſlight correction beſtowed by his benefactor, in conſequence of the moſt inſolent provocation, into a deliberate and malicious ſcheme of aſſaſſination; and endeavoured, with all the virulence of defamation, to deſtroy the character, and even the life, of an injured perſon, who, as well as yourſelf, is a gentleman by birth, education, and profeſſion? In favour of whom, and in conſequence of what, was all this zeal manifeſted, all this ſlander exhauſted, and all this ſcurrility diſcharged? Your client, whom you dignified with the title of Eſquire, and endeavoured to raiſe to the ſame footing with me in point of ſtation and character, you knew to be an abject miſcreant, whom my compaſſion and humanity had lifted from the moſt deplorable ſcenes of diſtreſs; whom I had ſaved from impriſonment and ruin; whom I had clothed and fed for a ſeries of years; whom I had occaſionally aſſiſted with my purſe, credit, and influence.—You knew, or ought to have known, that, after having received a thouſand marks of my benevolence, and prevailed upon me to indorſe notes for the ſupport of his credit, he withdrew himſelf into the verge of the Court, and took up his habitation in a paltry alehouſe, where he not only ſet me and the reſt of his creditors at defiance, but provoked me, by ſcurrilous and inſolent letters and meſſages, to

chaſtiſe him in ſuch a manner as gave him an handle for this proſecution, in which you ſignalized yourſelf as his champion, for a very honourable conſideration.—There is ſomething ſo palpably ungrateful, perfidious, and indeed diabolical, in the conduct of the proſecutor, that, even in theſe degenerate days, I wonder how he could find an Attorney to appear in his behalf. *O Tempora! O Mores!*—After having thus founded the trumpet of obloquy in your preamble, and tortured every circumſtance of the plaintiff's evidence to my detriment and diſhonour, you attempted to ſubject me to the ridicule of the Court, by aſking a queſtion of my firſt witneſs, which had no more relation to the cauſe, than if you had deſired to know the name of his grandmother.—What title had you to aſk of a tradeſman, if he knew me to be an author? What affinity had this queſtion with the circumſtances of the aſſault? Was not this foreign to the purpoſe? Was it not impertinent, and propoſed with a view to put me out of countenance, and to raiſe the laugh of the ſpectators at my expence? There, indeed, you was diſappointed, as you frequently are in thoſe little digreſſive efforts by which you make yourſelf remarkable.—Though I do not pretend to poſſeſs that ſuperlative degree of effrontery by which ſome people make a figure at the bar, I have aſſurance enough to ſtand the mention of my works without bluſhing, eſpecially when I deſpiſe the taſte, and ſcorn the principles of him who would turn them to my diſgrace.—You ſucceeded, however, in one particular; I mean, in raiſing the indignation of my witneſs; of which you took all imaginable advantage, puzzling, perplexing, and brow-beating him with ſuch artifice, eagerneſs, and inſult, as overwhelmed him with confuſion, and had well nigh deprived me of the benefit of his evidence.—Luckily for me, the next gentleman who was called confirmed what the other had ſwore, and proved to the ſatisfaction of the judge and jury, and even to your own conviction, that this terrible deliberate aſſaſſination was no more than a ſimple blow given to a raſcal after repeated provocation, and that of the moſt flagrant kind; that no advantage was taken in point of weapons; and that two drabs, whom they had picked up for the purpoſe, had affirmed upon oath a downright

falſehood, with a view to blaſt my reputation.—You yourſelf was ſo conſcious of this palpable detection, that you endeavoured to excuſe them by a forced explanation, which, you may depend upon it, ſhall not ſcreen them from a proſecution for perjury.—I will not ſay, that this was like patronizing a couple of gypſies who had forſworn themſelves, conſequently forfeited all title to the countenance, or indeed forbearance of the Court; but this I will ſay, that your tenderneſs for them, was of a piece with your whole behaviour to me, which I think was equally inſolent and unjuſt; for, granting that you had really ſuppoſed me guilty of an intended aſſaſſination, before the trial began, you ſaw me in the courſe of evidence acquitted of that ſuſpicion, and heard the judge inſiſt upon my innocence in his charge to the jury, who brought in their verdict accordingly. Then, Sir, you ought in common juſtice to have owned yourſelf miſtaken, or to have taken ſome other opportunity of expreſſing your concern for what you had ſaid to my diſadvantage; though even ſuch an acknowledgment would not have been a ſufficient reparation; becauſe, before my witneſſes were called, many perſons left the Court with impreſſions to my prejudice, conceived from the calumnies which they heard you eſpouſe and encourage. On the whole, you opened the trial with ſuch hyperbolical impetuoſity, and conducted it with ſuch particular bitterneſs and rancour, that every body perceived you was more than ordinarily intereſted; and I could not divine the myſterious bond of union that attached you to Peter Gordon, Eſq. until you furniſhed me with a key to the whole ſecret, by that ſtrong emphaſis with which you pronounced the words, *Ferdinand Count Fathom*. Then I diſcovered the ſource of your good-will towards me, which is no other than the hiſtory of a law-ſuit inſerted in that performance, where the author takes occaſion to obſerve, that the counſel behaved like men of conſummate abilities in their profeſſion; exerting themſelves with equal induſtry, eloquence, and erudition, in their endeavours to perplex the truth, brow-beat the evidence, puzzle the judge, and miſlead the jury.—Did any part of this character come home to your own conſcience? or did you reſent it as a ſarcaſm levelled at the

whole Bench without diſtinction? I take it for granted, this muſt have been the origin of your enmity to me; becauſe I can recollect no other circumſtance in my conduct, by which I could incur the diſpleaſure of a man whom I ſcarce knew by ſight, and with whom I never had the leaſt diſpute, or indeed concern. If this was the caſe, you pay a very ſcurvy compliment to your own integrity, by fathering a character which is not applicable to any honeſt man, and give the world a handle to believe, that our courts of juſtice ſtand greatly in need of reformation. Indeed, the petulance, licence, and buffoonery of ſome lawyers in the exerciſe of their function, is a reproach upon decency, and a ſcandal to the nation; and it is ſurpriſing that the judge, who repreſents his Majeſty's perſon, ſhould ſuffer ſuch inſults upon the dignity of the place.—But, whatever liberties of this kind are granted to the counſel, no ſort of freedom, it ſeems, muſt be allowed to the evidence, who, by the by, are of much more conſequence to the cauſe.—You will take upon you to divert the audience at the expence of a witneſs, by impertinent alluſions to ſome parts of his private character and affairs; but if he pretends to retort the joke, you inſult, abuſe, and bellow againſt him as an impudent fellow who fails in his reſpect to the Court.—It was in this manner you behaved to my firſt witneſs, whom you firſt provoked into a paſſion by injurious inſinuations; then you took an advantage of the confuſion which you had entailed upon him; and laſtly, you inſulted him as a perſon who had ſhuffled in his evidence. This might have been an irreparable injury to the character of a tradeſman, had not he been luckily known to the whole jury, and many other perſons in Court, as a man of unqueſtioned probity and credit. Sir, a witneſs has as good a title as you have to the protection of the Court; and ought to have more, becauſe evidence is abſolutely neceſſary for the inveſtigation of truth; whereas, the aim of a lawyer is often to involve it in doubt and obſcurity. Is it for this purpoſe you ſo frequently deviate from the point, and endeavour to raiſe the mirth of the audience with flat jokes and inſipid ſimiles? or, have you really ſo miſerably miſtaken your own talents, as to ſet up for the character of a man of humour?—For my own part, were

I diſpoſed to be merry, I ſhould never deſire a more pregnant ſubject of ridicule, than your own appearance and behaviour; but, as I am at preſent in a very ſerious mood, I ſhall content myſelf with demanding adequate reparation for the injurious treatment I have received at your hands; otherwiſe I will in four days put this letter in the preſs, and you ſhall hear in another manner—not from a ruffian and an aſſaſſin—but from an injured gentleman, who is not aſhamed of ſubſcribing himſelf *."

In the beginning of the year 1755 Smollett publiſhed, upon the encouragement of a liberal ſubſcription, a a new tranſlation of *The Hiſtory of the renowned Don Quixote, from the Spaniſh of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, with ſome Account of the Author's Life; illuſtrated with 28 new copperplates, deſigned by Hayman, and engraved by the beſt Artiſts*, in 2 vols. 4to. The tranſlation of *Don Quixote* is preceded by a dedication to his Excellency *Don Ricardo Wall, Principal Secretary of State to his Moſt Catholic Majeſty, &c.* who encouraged the undertaking, and had permitted Smollett to inſcribe the work to him, while he reſided in London, as ambaſſador and plenipotentiary at the Court of Great Britain.

He informs us, in a ſhort *Advertiſement*, that his aim in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous ſolemnity and ſelf-importance, by which the inimitable *Cervantes* has diſtinguiſhed the character of *Don Quixote*, without raiſing him to the inſipid rank of a dry philoſopher, or debaſing him to the melancholy circumſtances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preſerve the native humour of *Sancho Panza* from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery; that he has endeavoured to retain the ſpirit and ideas, without ſervilely adhering to the literal expreſſions of the original, from which, however, he has not ſo far deviated, as to deſtroy that formality of idiom ſo peculiar to the Spaniards, and ſo eſſential to the character of the work; that the ſatire and propriety of many of the alluſions, which had been loſt in the change of cuſtoms and lapſe of time, is reſtored in explanatory notes; and the whole conducted with that care and circumſpection

* Europ. Mag. Vol. V.

which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a taſk already performed, ſubjects himſelf to the moſt invidious compariſon.

If it ſhould be thought that all thoſe advantages have not been attained in this undertaking, it ought to be remembered, that *Don Quixote* is the moſt difficult book in the world to tranſlate, from the extreme frequency of its idiomatic phraſes; that few of even the Spaniards of the preſent day underſtand all its beauties, or can explain the obſcurities which the lapſe of time has occaſioned; and that to transfuſe all the ſpirit of *Cervantes*, his fine humour, and the beauty of his numerous alluſions, into a foreign language, is a taſk which a genius equal to that of the inimitable author himſelf could not perform, without the ſame knowledge of the country and of the times in which he lived; including alſo the moſt extenſive acquaintance with the language, idioms, cuſtoms, humorous expreſſions, provincial phraſes, and proverbial ſayings of the people for whom the tranſlation is intended.

Smollett unqueſtionably poſſeſſed thoſe requiſites in an eminent degree; and though he never was in Spain, he certainly had a very conſiderable knowledge of the language, and had been at pains to inform himſelf of the obſolete cuſtoms of the country, to which alluſions are made.

Shelton, Motteux, and Jarvis, had tranſlated Don Quixote before Smollett with various ſucceſs, but not unhappily; for their tranſlations are highly reliſhed and admired by readers of every deſcription. Since, however, the beſt tranſlation of Don Quixote we can look for muſt be executed by a perſon poſſeſſed of a genius a-kin to the author, a better than Smollett's, upon the whole, cannot be expected to appear in our language. The verſion of Jarvis may, in ſome reſpects, be thought more exact, but it is leſs ſpirited and elegant. The verſion of Smollett comes neareſt to the original, though it fails him in preſerving the formality of the Spaniſh idiom. In this reſpect he is ſurpaſſed by Motteux, his inferior in genius, who diſplays the ludicrous ſolemnity of *Don Quixote*, and the native humour of *Sancho Panza*, with more felicity of expreſſion, and propriety of alluſion. The reader who

takes up an Engliſh *Don Quixote*, merely to be diverted, will pronounce Motteux's the moſt entertaining book.

Mr. Tytler's obſervations on the comparative merits of the tranſlations of Don Quixote by *Motteux*, *Jarvis*, and *Smollett*, with ſome exceptions in favour of the latter, are juſt and ingenious, and, though long, are too valuable to be withheld.

" *Smollett* inherited from nature a ſtrong ſenſe of ridicule, a great fund of original humour, and a happy verſatility of talent, by which he could accommodate his ſtyle to almoſt every ſpecies of writing. He could adopt, alternately, the ſolemn, the lively, the ſarcaſtic, the burleſque, and the vulgar. To theſe qualifications, he joined an inventive genius, and a vigorous imagination. As he poſſeſſed talents equal to the compoſition of original works of the ſame ſpecies with the novel of Cervantes; ſo it is not perhaps poſſible to conceive a writer more completely qualified to give a perfect tranſlation of that novel.

" *Motteux*, with no great abilities as an original writer, appears to me to have been endowed with a ſtrong perception of the ridiculous in human character, a juſt diſcernment of the weakneſſes and follies of mankind. He ſeems likewiſe to have had a great command of the various ſtyles which are accommodated to the expreſſion both of grave burleſque, and of low humour. Inferior to Smollett in inventive genius, he ſeems to have equalled him in every quality which was eſſentially requiſite to a tranſlator of Don Quixote. It may, therefore, be ſuppoſed, that the conteſt between them will be nearly equal, and the queſtion of preference very difficult to be decided. It would have been ſo, had Smollett confided in his own ſtrength, and beſtowed on his taſk that time and labour which the length and difficulty of the work required; but Smollett too often wrote in ſuch circumſtances, that diſpatch was his primary object. He found various Engliſh tranſlations at hand, which he judged might ſave him the labour of a new compoſition. Jarvis could give him faithfully the ſenſe of his author; and it was neceſſary only to poliſh his aſperities, and lighten his heavy and awkward phraſeology. To contend with Motteux, Smollett found it ne-

ceſſary to aſſume the armour of Jarvis.* This author had purpoſely avoided, through the whole of his work, the ſmalleſt coincidence of expreſſion with Motteux, whom, with equal preſumption and injuſtice, he accuſes in his preface of having "taken his verſion wholly from the French." We find, therefore, both in the tranſlation of Jarvis, and that of Smollett, which is little elſe than an improved edition of the former, that there is a ſtudied rejection of the phraſeology of Motteux. Now Motteux, though he has frequently aſſumed too great a licence, both in adding to, and retrenching from the ideas of his original, has, upon the whole, a very high degree of merit as a tranſlator. In the adoption of correſponding idioms, he has been eminently fortunate; and, as in theſe there is no great latitude, he has, in general, preoccupied the appropriated phraſes; ſo that a ſucceeding tranſlator, who proceeded on the rule of invariably rejecting his phraſeology, muſt have, in general, altered for the worſe. Such, I have ſaid, was the rule laid down by Jarvis, and by his copyiſt and improver Smollett, who, by thus abſurdly rejecting what his own judgment and taſte muſt have approved, has produced a compoſition decidedly inferior, on the whole, to that of Motteux *."

Immediately on his tranſlation of *Don Quixote* being finiſhed, Smollett made a journey, which he had long meditated, to his native country, to viſit his mother, who then reſided with her daughter, Mrs. Telfer, at Scotſton; where he paſſed ſome time in the gratification of thoſe fine feelings of affection and gratitude towards his relations, and the friends of his choice, which occupied ſo large a portion of his heart.

On his arrival, Dr. Moore informs us, he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs. Telfer, as a gentleman from the Weſt Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her ſon. The better to ſupport his aſſumed character, he endeavoured to preſerve a very ſerious countenance, approaching to a frown; but, while his mother's eyes were rivetted on his countenance, he could not refrain from ſmiling: She immediately ſprung from her chair, and, throwing her arms around his neck,

* Profeſſor Tytler's "Eſſay on the Principles of Tranſlation," p. 178—184.

exclaimed, "Ah, my ſon! my ſon! I have found you at laſt!"

She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his auſtere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have eſcaped detection ſome time longer; but your old roguiſh ſmile, added ſhe, betrayed you at once *.

Before his return to England, Smollett viſited various parts of Scotland, particularly the city of Glaſgow, where he ſpent two days with Dr. Moore, and ſome of his old companions.

On his arrival in London, Smollett was prevailed upon to undertake the chief direction of *The Critical Review*, a new literary journal, which commenced in January 1756 †, undertaken in dependence upon the patronage and encouragement of the tories, and the high church party, in oppoſition to "The Monthly Review," a reſpectable literary journal, undertaken in 1749, by Dr. Griffiths, the preſent proprietor, and conducted upon the principles of civil and religious liberty, favourable to the meaſures of the whigs, and the ſentiments of the low church party and the diſſenters.

In the *plan* of the *Critical Review*, Smollett and his literary coadjutors, eſtimated the duties of the office they had aſſumed with juſtice and moderation; they made ſtrong profeſſions of impartiality and independence, and ſolemnly promiſed, that they would revive the true ſpirit of criticiſm; that they would never condemn or extol, without having firſt carefully peruſed the performance; that they would never act under the influence of connection or prejudice; that they would not venture to criticiſe a tranſlation, without underſtanding the original; that they would never wreſt the ſenſe, nor miſinterpret the meaning, of any author; that they would never, without reluctance, diſapprove even of a bad writer, who had the leaſt title to indulgence; and that they would not exhibit a partial and unfair aſſemblage of the blemiſhes of any production.

Although theſe promiſes, ſolemnly made to the public,

* The particulars of this interview were communicated to Dr. Moore by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Smollett.

† The firſt number of *The Critical Review, or Annals of Literature* for January and February, was publiſhed 1ſt March 1756, by R. Baldwin, Paternoſter-Row.

were not ſtrictly obſerved, in every particular, by the authors, the *Review* was conducted with much ability, and met with conſiderable ſucceſs. Smollet engaged in the undertaking with honeſt zeal, and wrote his ſhare; his critical ſtrictures evinced, as might be expected, ſufficient taſte and judgment in works of literature, but too much irritability and impatience, when any of the incenſed authors, whoſe performances he had cenſured, attempted to retaliate, and a degree of acrimony of ſtyle, and intemperance of language, that involved him in a variety of diſputes, frequently more vexatious than creditable.

Soon after the commencement of the *Critical Review*, he publiſhed, without his name, *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages, digeſted in a chronological ſeries; the whole exhibiting a clear View of the Cuſtoms, Manners, Religion, Government, Commerce, and Natural Hiſtory of moſt Nations of the Known World; Illuſtrated with a variety of Genuine Charts, Maps, Plans, Heads, &c.* in 7 vols. 12mo; a popular compilation, undertaken at the expence of Mr. Dodſley, a man who had ſenſe and ſpirit to reward authors according to their genius and capacity. This uſeful collection of voyages, deviating from the plan of other collections, begins with the diſcoveries of Columbus, and tracing the ſpirit of adventure in a regular progreſs through all the various ſtreams of diſcovery, introduces the ſubſequent voyages of Vaſco de Gama, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, Magellan, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Rowe, Captain John Monk, Captain James, Mr. John Nieuhoff, Mr. Lionel Wafer, Captain Dampier, Dr. Gemelli, Captain Rogers, and Lord Anſon, in chronological order, ſo as to form, as it were, the Annals of Navigation. To theſe are added, the hiſtories of the conqueſt of Mexico and Peru; the voyages made for the diſcovery of Florida; the curious relation of eight men who were preſerved, and of ſeven others who wintered in Greenland; deſcriptions of Iceland and Ceylon; Baldæus's account of Malabar and Coromandel; authentic memoirs relating to Ruſſia; and his own well-written *Account of the Expedition againſt Carthagena* * *in* 1741, never before publiſhed.

* The failure of this expedition Smollett aſcribes, from actual obſerv-

In forming this collection of voyages, and intereſting the reader in a ſucceſſion of incidents and adventures that at once improve the mind, and delight the imagination, Smollett has unqueſtionably diſencumbered this uſeful ſpecies of hiſtory from a great deal of unneceſſary lumber, that tended to clog the narration, and fatigue the memory; and has not only retrenched the ſuperfluities, and rendered the narrative leſs embarraſſed, and more ſuccinct, but has poliſhed the ſtyle, ſtrengthened the connection of incidents, animated the narrative, and interſperſed a variety of original obſervations and characters. The well drawn character of *Sir Francis Drake*, in particular, is worthy of the pencil of Smollet.

In the year 1757, at a period of national diſaſter, Smollett, indignant at the puſillanimous conduct of the miniſtry, and the diſgrace of the Britiſh arms, wrote his comedy of *The Repriſal, or the Tars of Old England*, an after-piece of two acts, deſigned to rouſe the warlike ſpirit of the nation, and to point the vengeance of his countrymen againſt their inſolent and perfidious foes.

What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!
Her thunders roll—her fearleſs ſons advance,
And her red enſigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of France.
Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallic ſhore;
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world:
Still ſhall that godlike flame your boſoms fire,
The gen'rous ſon ſhall emulate the fire:
Her ancient ſplendor England ſhall maintain,
O'er diſtant realms extend her genial reign,
And riſe—th' unrivall'd empreſs of the main *.

The comedy of *The Repriſal*, written profeſſedly for the ſtage, was offered to Mr. Garrick, with whom Smollett had been previouſly reconciled, and performed early in the ſeaſon at the theatre-royal in Drury-Lane, and met with good ſucceſs, yet not equal to what its merit

ation, to the incapacity and miſconduct of the commanders. "The Admiral was a man of weak underſtanding, ſtrong prejudices, boundleſs arrogance, and overboiling paſſions; and the General, though he had ſome parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence, and reſolution." *Account of the Exped. to Carthagena.*

* *Prologue to the Repriſal.*

might have juſtly claimed. It was afterwards printed in 8vo, and is ſtill a favourite after-piece.

The *Prologue* acquaints us with the principal characters, in the following lines:

A ſtout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boil in our enchanted pot;
To taint theſe viands with the true fumet,
He ſhreds a muſty, vain, French—martinet.
This ſtale ingredient might our porridge mar
Without ſome acid juice of Engliſh tar
To rouſe the appetite the drum ſhall rattle,
And the deſert ſhall be a bloodleſs battle.

The characters of *Oclaber*, *Maclaymore*, *Champignon*, and *Block*, are natural and entertaining, and as finely diſtinguiſhed as in any dramatic piece in the Engliſh language. The piece concludes with a ſpirited ſong in honour of the tars of Old England.

While Britiſh oak beneath us rolls,
And Engliſh courage fires our ſouls,
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the ſea.

The ſatisfaction which the author derived from the ſucceſs of his comedy was enhanced by the generous behaviour of the manager. Mr. Garrick not only acted with candour and cordiality in preparing it for the ſtage, but allowed his benefit on the ſixth night inſtead of the ninth, to which authors are entitled for after-pieces; exempted him from the payment of the advance that had been made at that time in the charge of the theatre on benefit nights *; and alſo appeared himſelf in the part of Luſignan, in the tragedy of Zara, in the evening of its performance.

By this generous behaviour on the part of Mr. Garrick, the breach between Smollett and the manager was entirely cloſed. Underſtanding, however, from Mr. Derrick, that ſome officious perſons had circulated reports in his name with a view to prejudice him in Mr. Garrick's opinion, he wrote the following letter to him, juſtifying himſelf from thoſe miſrepreſentations.

"In juſtice to myſelf, I take the liberty to aſſure you,

* From the information of John Kemble, Eſq. of Drury-Lane Theatre. The ſum abated, in favour of Smollett, was ten pounds.

that if any perſon accuſes me of having ſpoken diſreſpectfully of Mr. Garrick, of having hinted that he ſolicited for my farce, or had intereſted views in bringing it forward, he does me wrong, upon the word of a gentleman. The imputation is altogether falſe and malicious. Excluſive of other conſiderations, I could not be ſuch an idiot to talk in that ſtrain, when my own intereſt required a different ſort of conduct. Perhaps the ſame inſidious methods have been taken to inflame former animoſities, which, on my part, are forgotten, and ſelf-condemned. I muſt own you have acted in this affair of the farce, with that candour, openneſs, and cordiality, which even mortify my pride, while they lay me under the moſt ſenſible obligations; and I ſhall not reſt ſatisfied until I have an opportunity to convince Mr. Garrick that my gratitude is as warm as any other of my paſſions."

A ſhort time before the repreſentation of *The Repriſal*, the following panegyric on Mr. Garrick, mingled with ſome diſparaging reflections on Mr. Moore and Dr. Brown, appeared in the *Critical Review*, unqueſtionably with the approbation of Smollett, and probably intended by him as a public retractation of the very unfair repreſentation he had given in *Roderick Random* of his treatment of him reſpecting *The Regicide*.

"We often ſee this inimitable actor labouring through five tedious acts to ſupport a lifeleſs piece, with a mixture of pity and indignation, and cannot help wiſhing there were in this age good poets to write for one who ſo well deſerves them.

"Quicquid calcaverit hic, roſa fiet.

"He has the art, like the Lydian king, of turning all that he touches into gold, and can enſure applauſe to every fortunate bard, from inimitable Shakſpeare and old Ben, to gentle Neddy Moore, and the author of "Barbaroſſa*."

His engagements in the *Critical Review*, which from the beginning had been a ſource of diſquiet, continued to diminiſh his ſelf-happineſs; for, as he was at no pains to conceal his having the chief direction of the work, the ven-

* *Critical Review*, 1756.

geance of the incenſed authors was directed againſt him in particular, though it frequently happened that he had not written the article that gave offence. Among others, he incurred, at this time, the reſentment of Dr. Shebbeare, a well-known political and miſcellaneous writer, who had been chaſtiſed in the *Review* for his inſolent and ſeditious publications. The incenſed author ſuſpected Smollett, and retaliated in a pamphlet, entitled, "The Occaſional Critic, or the Decrees of the Scotch Tribunal in the Critical Review rejudged," 8vo, 1757, written with all the preſumption of Dennis, without his learning, with all his rage, without his integrity.

Although the "Occaſional Critic," in many inſtances, ſtumbled on the truth, the whole animation of the performance aroſe from the vivacity and virulence with which the enraged writer maintained, that the authors of the *Critical Review* were Scotch ſcrubs and raſcals, barbers, taylors, apothecaries, and ſurgeons mates, who underſtood neither Greek, Latin, French, nor Engliſh, nor any other language, and that Scotland never produced any one man of genius, learning, or integrity *.

The acrimony of Dr. Shebbeare's retaliation was greater than Smollett's patience could bear, without reſiſtance or reply; and it immediately drew from him, or one of his literary aſſociates, the following obſervations.

"Whatever regard we may have for our fellow-ſubjects in North Britain, and ſurely we do regard them not only as our brethren, but alſo as a people diſtinguiſhed by their learning and capacity, we have no call to enter the liſts as their champions, againſt an antagoniſt whom they themſelves would hardly deign to oppoſe.

"We cannot help, however, taking this opportunity of declaring, that of five perſons concerned in writing the *Critical Review*, one only is a native of Scotland; ſo that our hypercritic's national rancour againſt that king-

* With the "Occaſional Critic," the authors of the "Monthly Review," coincided in opinion reſpecting their brethren. "They appear to be phyſicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, and writers without judgment." M. R. 1757. The *Critical Reviewers* replied in an "Addreſs to the Old Gentlewoman who directs the Monthly Review," containing many ſtrokes of wit, and much ſpirited recrimination. C. R. Nov. 1757.

dom ſeems to have miſtaken its object; unleſs he levelled the whole at one member of our ſociety, whom indeed he has reviled, beſpattered, and belied, with all the venom of low invidious malice, and all the filth of vulgar abuſe. Theſe attacks, however, we forgive, as the natural effects of reſentment. That perſon has occaſionally detected and chaſtiſed him, as an ignorant and preſumptuous quack in politics, an enemy to his king and country, and a deſperate incendiary, who, by miſrepreſenting facts and aſperſing characters, endeavoured to raiſe a ferment in the nation, at a time when a concurrence of unfortunate incidents had produced a ſpirit of diſcontent among the people *."

He had no ſooner repelled the illiberal abuſe of a writer whoſe talents and character he deſpiſed, than he was thrown into a more vexatious, and leſs creditable diſpute with Dr. Grainger, a man of genius and a poet, who ſuſpected him to be the writer of the article in the *Critical Review*, in which his "Tranſlation of Tibullus" had been treated with unjuſtifiable ſeverity. Whether Dr. Grainger's ſuſpicions were well or ill founded, he thought his tranſlation had been criticiſed in the *Review* with malignity, and publiſhed an angry "Letter to Tobias Smollett, M. D. occaſioned by his criticiſm upon a late tranſlation of Tibullus," 8vo, 1758, in which, after refuting the criticiſms of the reviewer, he proves by examples, principally taken from the article on his own work, that the authors of the *Critical Review* had broken, in every particular, their promiſes ſolemnly made to the public in the plan of their journal, mentions Smollett in contemptuous terms, and indulges himſelf in ſome ludicrous reflections on the unlucky diminutive of his chriſtian name.

Theſe perſonal reflections and pleaſantries which mingled in the controverſy between the poet and the critic, who mutually reſpected each other's talents and character, were not forgotten when Dr. Grainger's "Letter" fell under the animadverſions of Smollett, or one of his aſſociates, in the *Critical Review*, who, in ridiculing that playful ſpecies of vengeance, was guilty of injuſtice if he

* *Critical Review*, 1757.

meant to inſinuate, that his antagoniſt could be claſſed among the dunces of the age.

The reviewer obſerves, that "Dr. Grainger had found in Dr. Smollett's chriſtian name *Tobias*, and its diminutive *Toby*, a very extraordinary fund of humour and ridicule; but that this ſpecies of wit, however entertaining, was not new, for that others had played on the cognomen with as much dexterity as he had on the prenomen; that *Smollett* had been facetiouſly converted by that ſtupendous genius Dr. Hill into *Small-head* and *Small-wit*; that the ſame happy thought had ſtruck the dunces of a former age, who had not only punned ſucceſsfully on the name of *Alexander Pope*, but had even written a poem againſt him, entitled *Sawney*. "Think not, reader," he adds, "that we preſume to compare Dr. Smollett, as a writer, with Mr. Pope; we are ſenſible of the infinite diſparity; but in one reſpect their fate is ſimilar; they have both been abuſed, belied, and accuſed of ignorance, malice, and want of genius, by the confeſſed dunces of the age, at a time when their works were read and approved, at leaſt, as much as any other Engliſh contemporary author *."

Of the unjuſt ſuſpicions which his concern in the *Critical Review* excited in the breaſts of Mr. Home and Dr. Wilkie, and ſome other writers of his own country, whoſe talents and character he reſpected, he complains in a letter to Dr. Moore, in the year 1758, in which is the following paragraph:

"I have for ſome time done very little in the *Critical Review*. The remarks upon Home's Tragedy I never ſaw until they were in print; and yet I have not read one line of "The Epigoniad." I am told the work has merit; and I am truly ſorry that it ſhould have been ſo roughly handled. Notwithſtanding the cenſures that have been ſo freely beſtowed upon theſe and other productions of our country, the authors of the *Critical Review* have been inſulted and abuſed as a *Scotch Tribunal*."

Beſides theſe, many other diſputes aroſe with different writers, who conſidered themſelves injured by the ſeverity of his criticiſms. Seldom a month paſſed without ſome complaints on that head, and thoſe not often expreſſed in

* *Critical Review*, 1759.

the moſt decent terms; but whatever reaſon he had to complain of the abuſe he ſuffered from detected dullneſs, and mortified vanity, he afterwards found that the revenge of an author was nothing compared to the rancour of the politician, and the reſentment of little men placed in great ſtations.

In the beginning of the year 1758, Smollett gave to the world his *Complete Hiſtory of England, deduced from the deſcent of Julius Cæſar, to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, containing the tranſactions of one thouſand three hundred and three years*, in 4 vols. 4to *, preceded by a *Plan* of the work, and engraved allegorical *Frontiſpieces* †. It has been declared, and never contradicted, that this work was compoſed and finiſhed for the preſs in fourteen months; an effort to which nothing but the moſt diſtinguiſhed abilities, and the moſt vigorous application, could have been equal. The ſhortneſs of time beſtowed on the *Complete Hiſtory of England*, joined to the merit of the performance, and the conſideration of the infinite pains and perſeverance it muſt have coſt him to form and digeſt a proper plan, compile materials, compare different accounts, collate authorities, and compoſe, poliſh, and finiſh the work, will make it be regarded as one of the moſt ſtriking proofs of facility in writing that is to be found in the annals of literature.

The work was reprinted the year following, in 8vo, in numbers, of which the weekly ſale amounted to more than ten thouſand, and publiſhed in 11 volumes, with *engraved heads*, and a *Dedication* to Mr. Pitt, then one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, a miniſter recommended by the people, and the idol of the nation.

The extenſive ſale of the *Complete Hiſtory of England* alarmed the proprietors of Rapin's Hiſtory, who caballed, and encouraged his political opponents to expoſe the abſurdities, inconſiſtencies, contradictions, and miſrepreſentations, which either diligence or malignity could detect in the *Hiſtory*, in pamphlets, and the periodical publica-

* Printed for Meſſrs. Rivington and Fletcher, price 3l. 3s. The three firſt volumes were publiſhed ſeparately, and the fourth given gratis to the purchaſers of the other three.

† Repreſenting the *Savage ſtate*, the *Great Charter*, *Wealth and Liberty*.

tions of the time, in which Smollett was repreſented as a partizan and panegyriſt of the family of Stuart, a papiſt and a proſtitute.

The following pamphlet was circulated with uncommon induſtry, and with conſiderable effect: "A Vindication of the Revolution in A. D. 1688, and of the character of King William and Queen Mary, together with a Confutation of the Character of King James II. as miſrepreſented by the author of the Complete Hiſtory of England, by extracts from Dr. Smollett: To which are added, ſome Strictures on the ſaid hiſtorian's account of the puniſhment of the rebels in A. D. 1715 and 1746, and on the eulogium given to the Hiſtory of England by the Critical Reviewers. By Thomas Comber *, A. B." 8vo, 1758. In the ſeveral paſſages in the *Hiſtory of England*, animadverted upon in this pamphlet, particularly the account of the Revolution, and the character of King William, the writer has often reprehended the hiſtorian with judgment and propriety, but generally with a profuſion of zeal, and, in ſome inſtances, without diſcretion. He is not content to defend the principles of the Revolution, but he is an advocate for corruption, and juſtifies the abuſes which followed that criſis. If the hiſtorian has exhibited a degrading picture of King William, his vindicator has erred in the other extreme, by repreſenting him as a perfect character,

"A faultleſs monſter, which the world ne'er ſaw."

Smollett was not without his favourers and defenders, who declared, with juſtice, that he was, on all occaſions, a profeſſed enemy to the religion of Rome; that, as an hiſtorian, he freely cenſured both parties; that he had praiſed each occaſionally, as either were praiſe-worthy, and written with ſuch a ſpirit, reſolution, and impartiality, as no ſlave to a faction could manifeſt, as no other hiſtorian of this country ever diſplayed.

He has himſelf ingenuouſly apologized for his defection from the whig principles in which he was educated, in the following letter to Dr. Moore, dated Chelſea, January 2. 1758.

* A clergyman, and relation of the Duke of Leeds.

"I deferred anſwering your kind letter, until I ſhould have finiſhed my hiſtory, which is now completed. I was agreeably ſurpriſed to hear that my work had met with any approbation at Glaſgow, for it was not at all calculated for that meridian. The laſt volume will, I doubt not, be ſeverely cenſured by the weſt-country whigs of Scotland.

"I deſire you will diveſt yourſelf of prejudice, at leaſt, as much as you can, before you begin to peruſe it, and conſider well the facts before you paſs judgment. Whatever may be its defect, I proteſt before God I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to truth, without eſpouſing any faction, though I own I ſat down to write with a warm ſide to thoſe principles in which I was educated; but in the courſe of my inquiries, ſome of the whig miniſters turned out ſuch a ſet of ſordid knaves, that I could not help ſtigmatizing them for their want of integrity and ſentiment *."

In another letter to Dr. Moore, dated Chelſea, September 28. he expreſſes himſelf as follows:

"I ſome time ago was favoured with yours, which I ſhould have anſwered ſooner, had I not been extremely buſied in correcting my hiſtory for a new impreſſion. That taſk is now finiſhed, and the book, I hope, rendered leſs unworthy of the public acceptance. I am much obliged to you for the generous warmth which you have ſo often interpoſed in behalf of my reputation; of this, and of every other inſtance of friendſhip which I have experienced at your hands, I ſhall ever retain a cordial remembrance. I am not ſo much ſurpriſed at my book's meeting with cenſurers and enemies in Glaſgow, as that it ſhould find any number of friends and favourers.

"I ſpeak not of the few who think like philoſophers, abſtracted from the notions of the vulgar. The little petulant familiarities of our friend I can forgive, in conſideration of the good will he has always manifeſted towards me and my concerns. He is miſtaken, however, in ſuppoſing, that I have imbibed prieſtly notions; I conſider the church not as a religious, but a political eſtabliſhment, ſo minutely interwoven in our conſtitution, that the one can-

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

not be detached from the other, without the moſt imminent danger of deſtruction to both. The uſe which your friend makes of the *Critical Review* is whimſical enough *; but I ſhall be glad if he uſes it at any rate. I have not had leiſure to do much in that work for ſome time paſt, therefore I hope you will not aſcribe the articles indiſcriminately to me; for I am equally averſe to the praiſe and cenſure that belong to other men. Indeed, I am ſick of both, and wiſh to God my circumſtances would allow me to conſign my pen to oblivion. I really believe, that mankind grow every day more malicious.——

"You will not be ſorry to hear, that the weekly ſale of the Hiſtory has increaſed to above ten thouſand. A French gentleman of talents and erudition has undertaken to tranſlate it into that language †, and I have promiſed to ſupply him with corrections ‡."

Without attempting to defend the conſiſtency of ſome parts of Smollett's hiſtory, with the principles he avows in others, Dr. Moore juſtly and forcibly obſerves, that men who are not thought unſteady in their political principles, when they contemplate the headſtrong abſurdity of rulers, and ſee the arm of government lifted too high, and the public money ſquandered fooliſhly, are apt to wiſh the government reduced to a ſtate of weakneſs, which might prove inconſiſtent with the ſafety of the country; and yet the ſame men, when terrified with the examples of popular commotion, and the ſhocking effects of anarchy, are inclined to yield to government a greater degree of power than the conſtitution warrants, or is compatible with the freedom they love ‖.

At this period, Smollett availed himſelf of his intimacy with Mr. Wilkes, who had hitherto manifeſted a partiality for the acquaintance of North Britons, to ſolicit his interceſſion with the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, in procuring the liberty of Dr. Johnſon's ſervant, Francis Barber, who had been impreſſed, in the

* Dr. Moore's friend was ſo much enraged at ſome criticiſms in that Review, that he continued to take it, for no other purpoſe than that he might read all the publications cenſured by it, and none of thoſe which it praiſed.

† The tranſlation alluded to, it is probable, never was executed.

‡ Moore's Life of Smollett.

‖ Ibid.

following letter, dated Chelſea, March 16. 1759, printed in Mr. Boſwell's "Life of Dr. Johnſon."

"I am again your petitioner, in behalf of that great *Cham* * of literature, Samuel Johnſon. His black ſervant, whoſe name is Francis Barber, has been preſſed on board the Stag frigate, Captain Angel, and our lexicographer is in great diſtreſs; he ſays the boy is a ſickly lad, of a delicate frame, and particularly ſubject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for his Majeſty's ſervice. You know what matter of animoſity the ſaid Johnſon has againſt you, and I dare ſay you deſire no other opportunity of reſenting it, than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to deſire my aſſiſtance on this occaſion, though he and I were never cater-couſins; and I gave him to underſtand, that I would make application to my friend Mr. Wilkes, who, perhaps, by his intereſt with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliot, might be able to procure the diſcharge of this laquey. It would be ſuperfluous to ſay more on the ſubject, which I leave to your own conſideration; but I cannot let ſlip this opportunity of declaring, that I am, with the moſt inviolable eſteem, dear Sir, your affectionate obliged humble ſervant †," &c.

Mr. Wilkes, whoſe love for men of talents was natural to him, with the moſt polite liberality, applied to his friend Sir George Hay, then one of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, and Francis Barber was diſcharged, and returned to Dr. Johnſon's ſervice.

His connection with the *Critical Review*, in which for ſome time he had done very little, involved him, ſoon after the date of the foregoing letter, in a diſpute with Admiral Knowles, in which the interference of Mr. Wilkes was not ſo ſucceſsful.

A ſecret expedition againſt Rochfort had been planned in 1757, under Sir John Mordaunt. The expedition failed, and the commander in chief was tried by a general court-martial, for diſobeying his inſtructions, and acquitted. In the proceedings upon the trial, ſome blame

* "In the firſt edition, this word was printed *Chum*, as it appears in one of Mr. Wilkes's Miſcellanies, and I animadverted on Dr. Smollett's ignorance, for which let me propitiate the *manes* of that ingenious and benevolent gentleman." *Boſwell.*

† Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, Vol. I. p. 309.

was imputed to Admiral Knowles, and he publiſhed a pamphlet in his own vindication in 1758, entitled "The Conduct of Admiral Knowles on the late Expedition ſet in a true light," 8vo. On this pamphlet, and the character of the Admiral, the writer of the article in the *Critical Review* was ſo particularly and unguardedly ſevere *, that Admiral Knowles commenced a proſecution againſt the printer; declaring, at the ſame time, that his only reaſon for commencing an action was to know the author of the offenſive article, and if he proved to be a gentleman, to demand ſatisfaction of another kind. In this affair Smollett behaved with prudence and ſpirit. Deſirous of compriſing the diſpute in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr. Wilkes, to interpoſe his good offices with his opponent, in the following letter, dated Chelſea, March 24. 1759.

"*Ecce iterum Criſpinus.*—Your generoſity with reſpect to Johnſon, ſhall be the theme of our applauſe and thankſgiving. I ſhall be very proud to find myſelf comprehended in your league, offenſive and defenſive; nay, I conſider myſelf already as a contracting party, and have recourſe to the aſſiſtance of my allies. It is not, I believe, unknown to you, that Admiral Knowles has taken exception at a paragraph in the *Critical Review* of laſt May, and commenced a proſecution againſt the printer. Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we ſhall infallibly be expoſed to a conſiderable expence, and therefore I wiſh to ſee the proſecution quaſhed. Some gentlemen, who are my friends, have undertaken to find out, and talk with thoſe who are ſuppoſed to have influence with the ſaid Admiral; may I beg the ſame favour of you and your friends? The trial will come on in the beginning of May, and if the affair cannot be compromiſed, we intend to kick up a duſt, and die hard. In a word, if that fooliſh Admiral has any regard to his own character, he will be quiet, rather than provoke farther the reſentment of," &c.

Admiral Knowles continued inflexible; the proſecution

* "As to his character, of them who knew him, they will not ſcruple to ſay, he is an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without reſolution, and a man without veracity." *Critical Review*, Vol. V.

went on, and ſentence was about to be pronounced againſt the printer, when Smollett gallantly ſtood forth, avowed himſelf the writer of the ſtrictures in queſtion, and offered the Admiral any ſatisfaction he might demand.—The conſequence was, that a proſecution was immediately commenced againſt him, and he was fined one hundred pounds, and ſentenced to three months impriſonment in the King's Bench Priſon. His ſpirited conduct on this occaſion gained him much credit and applauſe.

While Smollett was in confinement in the King's Bench Priſon, his unconquered ſpirit was conſoled for the temporary deprivation of liberty by the cordial attachment of his friends and acquaintance, who viſited him very attentively; and his abilities were exerciſed in writing his *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*, an Engliſh Don Quixote, in which he deſcribed ſome remarkable characters, then his fellow priſoners. This novel, apparently executed with precipitation, though in many parts delightfully written, was firſt printed, in detached portions, in the monthly numbers of the *Britiſh Magazine*, or *Monthly Repoſitory*, for 1760 and 1761, one of thoſe publications in which he was induced to engage*, that promiſed to produce profit rather than praiſe, and afterwards publiſhed in 2 vols. 12mo, 1762.

Smollett ſeems to have been aware that his *Sir Launcelot Greaves* muſt appear to great diſadvantage after the Don Quixote of Cervantes, and anticipates the ſtrongeſt objection that can be made to the plan of the work, in the following dialogue: "What!" ſaid *Ferret*, addreſſing *Sir Launcelot*, "you ſet up for a modern Don Quixote? The ſcheme is too ſtale and extravagant; what was an humorous and well timed ſatire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a ſorry jeſt, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day in England."

The knight, eyeing this cenſor with a look of diſdain, replied in a ſolemn lofty tone: "I am neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I truſt in heaven, viſited by that ſpirit of lunacy ſo admirably diſplayed in the fictitious character exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I ſee and diſtinguiſh objects as they are diſcerned and

* Smollett's name was appended to this publication, which commenced in January 1760, in all the advertiſements.

deſcribed by other men. I quarrel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, againſt whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will everywhere attack as the natural enemies of mankind. I do purpoſe," continued the knight, eyeing *Ferret* with a look of ineffable contempt, "to act as a coadjutor to the law, and even to remedy evils which the law cannot reach, to detect fraud and treaſon, abaſe inſolence, mortify pride, diſcourage ſlander, diſgrace immodeſty, and ſtigmatize ingratitude."

This year the publication of *The Modern Part of an Univerſal Hiſtory, from the earlieſt account of time; compiled from Original Writers, by the Authors of the Ancient Part*, undertaken at the expence of the London booksellers, commenced with the appearance of the firſt, ſecond, and third volumes, and was completed in 1764, in 42 vols. 8vo. In the compilation of this great hiſtorical work, which does honour to our nation, Smollett gave his aſſiſtance, and is ſuppoſed, among other articles, to have contributed the *Hiſtories of France, Italy, and Germany*. The ſeparate volumes, as they appeared, were noticed at conſiderable length in the *Critical Review*.

In the year 1761, Smollett publiſhed, in detached numbers, the firſt volume of his *Continuation of the Hiſtory of England*, which was completed in 4 vols. 8vo, in 1762, and a fifth volume in 1765, which brought down the hiſtory to that period. In 1766, it was publiſhed in 2 vols. 4to. It has been aſſerted, and is generally believed, that Smollett ſold this work to his printer at a price *, which enabled the purchaſer to ſell it to Mr. Baldwin the bookſeller, on the day the bargain was made, at a profit of no leſs than one thouſand pounds.

In this undertaking, Smollett encountered difficulties inſeparable from the hiſtorian who relates preſent tranſactions. The pencil of genius, drawing from living nature, is neceſſarily animated with a fire unfelt by the tranſcriber of the hiſtory of remote tranſactions: the hiſtorian of his own times ſympathizes with the diſtreſs, and rejoices in the proſperity of his country, with heartfelt emotions, that appear counterfeit ſhould they be expreſſed by the writer of a future age; but the contemporary

* He is ſaid to have cleared 2000l. by his *Hiſtory* and the *Continuation*.

hiſtorian cannot penetrate into the cauſes of diſgrace or triumph, nor develope the ſecrets of the cabinet, and the motives of faction, upon which time reflects light. Under this diſadvantage, Smollett, warmed with that generous flame which exiſts in the heart of the contemporary hiſtorian, has often in this work, in delineating the characters of individuals, and the motives of parties, miſtaken the impulſe of feeling for the deciſion of judgment, and the bias of perſonal and political attachment, for the ardour of genuine patriotiſm.

While he incurred the reſentment of individuals and parties, by the manly freedom with which he characteriſed and deſcribed them in the *Continuation* of his Hiſtory, he convinced his friends, by the liberality of his praiſe, that his gratitude was at leaſt as warm as any other of his paſſions. Among the men of genius who flouriſhed in the reign of George II. he mentions Mr. Garrick in the following terms.

"The exhibitions of the ſtage were improved to the moſt exquiſite entertainment, by the talents and management of *Garrick*, who greatly ſurpaſſed all his predeceſſors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the ſweetneſs and variety of his tones, the irreſiſtible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expreſſion."

Mr. Garrick having expreſſed his ſenſe of this panegyric, in a letter to Smollett, accompanying a preſent of his "Winter's Tale," he repeats the public declaration of his ſentiments in ſtill ſtronger terms, in the following letter to Mr. Garrick, dated Chelſea, January 27. 1762.

"I this morning received your "Winter's Tale," and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention. What I have ſaid of Mr. Garrick in the *Hiſtory of England*, was, I proteſt, the language of my heart. I ſhall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely juſtice. I am ſure the public will think I have done no more than juſtice. In giving a ſhort ſketch of the liberal arts, I could not, with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed by a genius that has no rival. Beſides, I thought it was a duty incumbent on

me in particular to make a public atonement, in a work of truth, for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

"Among the other inconveniencies arising from ill health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good-will, and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your private conversation, as well as from the public exertion of your talents; but, sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the consciousness of standing well in your opinion, will ever afford singular satisfaction to," &c.

In his sketch of the liberal arts, he proceeds to enumerate the most distinguished writers in the various branches of literature at that period; and makes a public atonement for wrongs done to *Lyttleton* and *Akenside*, by certain allusions in *Peregrine Pickle*.

"Towards the end of the reign of George II. and about the beginning of that of his present Majesty," he observes, "genius and writing spontaneously arose, and though neglected by the great, flourished under the culture of a public which had pretensions to taste, and piqued itself in encouraging literary merit. *Akenside* and Armstrong excelled in didactic poetry. Candidates for literary fame appeared in the higher spheres of life, embellished by the nervous style and extensive erudition of a Corke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a *Lyttleton* *."

He mentions others with the happiest discrimination of their merits, particularly Robertson, Hume, and Johnson, with whom he had always been upon a friendly footing, and gives his suffrage to the great talents of one who pursued the same line with himself—"The learned and elegant Robertson, and above all, the ingenious, penetrating, and comprehensive Hume, whom we rank with the first writers of the age, both as an historian and philosopher. Johnson, inferior to none in philosophy, philology, poetry, and classical learning, stands foremost as an essayist, justly admired for the dignity, strength, and variety of his style, as well as for the agreeable manner in which he investigates the human heart, tracing every interesting emotion, and opening all the sources of morality. The genius of Cervantes

* Smollett wrote a *Burlesque Ode* on Lord Lyttleton's excellent "Monody" on the death of his lady, printed among his poems.

was transfuſed into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters, and ridiculed the follies of life, with equal ſtrength, humour, and propriety."

On the publication of "The Roſciad," in 1761, without the name of the author, the writer of that article in the *Critical Review* pronounced an unfavourable judgment of the performance, and dropped an inſinuation, that Mr. Colman and Mr. Lloyd were concerned in writing it; a hint founded on miſinformation. Mr. Colman and Mr. Lloyd took the alarm, and ſolemnly denied the charge in the public papers. Churchill ſet his name to the ſecond edition, and ſuſpecting Smollett to be the writer of the offenſive article in the Review, retaliated with great ſpirit, in the "Apology to the Critical Reviewers."

> Whence could ariſe this mighty critic ſpleen,
> The Muſe a trifler, and her theme ſo mean?
> What had I done, that angry heav'n ſhould ſend
> The bittereſt foe where moſt I wiſh'd a friend?
> Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
> And hail'd the honours of thy matchleſs fame.
> For me let hoary *Fielding* bite the ground,
> So nobler *Pickle* ſtand ſuperbly bound.
> From *Livy's* temples tear th' hiſtoric crown,
> Which, with more juſtice, blooms upon thine own, &c.

It appears, however, Churchill was miſtaken in his ſuſpicion; for Smollett, hearing that Mr. Colman had alſo accuſed him of having made an attack on his moral character in the *Critical Review*, exculpated himſelf from the charge, in the following letter to Mr. Garrick, dated Chelſea, April 5. 1761.

"I ſee Mr. Colman has taken offence at the article in the *Critical Review* which treats of the "Roſciad," and I underſtand he ſuſpected me to be the author of that article. Had he aſked me the queſtion, I ſhould have freely told him I was not the author of the offenſive article, and readily contributed to any decent ſcheme which might have been propoſed for his ſatisfaction: But as he has appealed to the public, I ſhall leave him and the real author to ſettle the affair between themſelves, and content myſelf with declaring to you, and that upon my honour, that I did not write one word of the article upon the "Roſciad," and that I have no ill

will nor envy to Mr. Colman, whom I have always reſpected as a man of genius, and whoſe genius I ſhall always be ready and pleaſed to acknowledge either in private or in public. I envy no man of merit; and I can ſafely ſay I do not even repine at the ſucceſs of thoſe who have no merit. I am old enough to have ſeen and obſerved that we are all play-things of fortune, and that it depends upon ſomething as inſignificant and precarious as the toſſing up of a halfpenny, whether a man riſes to affluence and honours, or continues to his dying day ſtruggling with the difficulties and diſgraces of life. I deſire to live quietly with all mankind, and, if poſſible, to be upon good terms with all thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their merit. I muſt own, that if I had examined the article upon the "Roſciad" before it was ſent to the preſs, I ſhould have put my negative upon ſome expreſſions in it, though I cannot ſee in it any reflection to the prejudice of Mr. Colman's moral character; but I have been ſo hurried ſince my enlargement, that I had not time to write one article in the *Critical Review*, except that upon *Bower's Hiſtory*, and perhaps I ſhall not write another theſe ſix months. That hurry, and a bad ſtate of health, have prevented me from returning in perſon the viſit you favoured me with in the King's Bench. I beg you will accept this letter in lieu of it, and believe me that no man reſpects Mr. Garrick more than he is reſpected by his obliged humble ſervant," &c.

In the year 1762, Mr. Wilkes, who had been returned member for Ayleſbury in the parliament which aſſembled November 3. 1761, and entered on that career in politics which he afterwards purſued with ſo much turbulence, and at laſt terminated with ſo much ſucceſs, publiſhed, without his name, "Obſervations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain, laid before both Houſes of Parliament, in a Letter from a Member of Parliament to a Friend in the country," 8vo.; a copy of which he preſented, in the confidence of friendſhip, to Smollett, who, in the following letter to him, dated Chelſea, March 28. 1762, expreſſes, with deference, a diſapprobation of his political opinions.

"My warmeſt regard, affection and attachment, you

have long ago ſecured. My ſecrecy you may depend upon. When I preſume to differ from you, in any point of opinion, I ſhall always do it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill theſe three months, but hope ſoon to be in a condition to pay my reſpects to Mr. Wilkes in perſon. Meanwhile, I muſt beg leave to trouble him with another packet, which he will be ſo good as to correct at his leiſure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of ſpirits, and proceed through life with a flowing ſail of proſperity, is the wiſh, and the hope, and the confident expectation of," &c.

The commencement of the reign of his preſent Majeſty had been attended with the introduction of the Earl of Bute to the miniſtry; and on the 29th of May 1762, he was appointed Firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, and aſſumed the management of public affairs. The ſudden advancement of this nobleman, a native of North Britain, and a tory, without any apparent experience in public buſineſs, over thoſe who had held the principal offices under government during the greater part of the reigns of the two preceding kings, rendered him an object of national jealouſy, ſuſpicion, and averſion.

The new miniſter, happy in the ſmiles of his ſovereign, whom he had cultivated from his cradle, but without poſſeſſing the confidence of the people, found it neceſſary to employ ſome able writers to reconcile the public to his elevation, and to defend the meaſures of his adminiſtration. Among others, Smollett was prevailed upon to palliate the ſteps which had led to his advancement, and to defend the unpopular meaſures that had attended his elevation; and, on the day of his patron's promotion, he publiſhed the firſt number of a weekly paper, entitled *The Briton*.

Soon after the publication of *The Briton*, Mr. Wilkes, who afterwards rendered himſelf conſpicuouſly uſeful by his pen on the other ſide, happened to be in a company where it was aſſerted that Lord Bute had engaged Smollett to conduct that paper, on which he obſerved, "After having diſtributed among his adherents all the places under government, his Lordſhip is determined to monopolize the wit alſo*."

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

To encounter *The Briton*, it was propoſed that Mr. Wilkes ſhould publiſh a paper, to be called "The Engliſhman." He agreed to the propoſal, except that he did not adopt the title recommended, but choſe another, that of "The North Briton," the firſt number of which appeared the 5th of June 1762 *.

In ability to wield the weapons of political altercation, Mr. Wilkes ſoon ſhowed a manifeſt advantage over Smollett; and, at laſt, by the force of elegant invective, popular argument, and concomitant perſonal abuſe, extended to the whole of the Scottiſh nation, completely defeated his opponent, and diſſolved the connection which had previouſly ſubſiſted between him and Smollett, Dr. Armſtrong, and other individuals of that country.

The Briton, the ſuſpicious vehicle of praiſe undeſerved, and miſplaced panegyric, was laid down on the 12th of February 1763; and on the 8th of April following, the nobleman, in whoſe defence it was undertaken, finding the ſtream of popular diſcontent, and party violence, too ſtrong to be reſiſted, reſigned his place of Firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, which had excited ſo much envy and clamour, and ſpent the remainder of his life in retirement. Whatever his deſerts may be, it is certain the tribute of public applauſe was never paid to his merits.

Although the zeal which Smollett diſplayed, in the progreſs of *The Briton*, was not, like that of his opponent, aſſumed from political motives, but generous and ſincere, and directed againſt ſuch an inundation of invective and abuſe as has not been exceeded by any thing which later times have witneſſed, yet this periodical publication was not ſo favourably received by the public as his former writings had been; and he had reaſon, Dr. Moore juſtly

* The famous "North Briton" was followed on the 10th of June by a weekly paper on the other ſide, entitled "The Auditor," conducted by Mr. Murphy. "Miſt's Journal" was the firſt party paper that appeared againſt the government, after the acceſſion of the preſent royal family. It was followed by "Fog's Journal," "Common Senſe," "The True Briton," written by the Duke of Wharton, "The Craftſman," conducted by Mr. Amhurſt, "Old England, or Jeffery Broadbottom's Journal," conducted by Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Ralph, "The Remembrancer," conducted by Mr. Ralph, "The Teſt," and "The Conteſt," &c. "The North Briton," like moſt of its predeceſſors, had properly no national object of offence, an indiſpenſible requiſite in an oppoſition paper.

obſerves, to regret that he ever became a party writer, by which he loſt ſome of his old friends, and acquired but very cold-hearted new ones in their ſtead.

When Lord Bute ſeceded from the oſtenſible ſituation of a miniſter, leaving his ſucceſſors the puniſhment of his opponents, Smollett appears to have experienced unmerited neglect from that nobleman, who had, in many inſtances, been found a generous patron of men of inferior importance and ability.

In the year 1763, Smollett permitted his name to appear, in conjunction with that of Dr. Francklin and others, to a tranſlation, undertaken at the expence of Mr. Newbery, of the *Works of M. De Voltaire, with notes hiſtorical and critical*, in 27 vols. 12mo, to which, it is moſt probable, he gave but little aſſiſtance.

His name alſo appears to a popular compilation, publiſhed about this time, entitled, *The Preſent State of All Nations, containing a Geographical, Natural, Commercial, and Political Hiſtory of all the Countries of the known World*, in 8 vols. 8vo; but little of it, it is probable, was done by his own hand. A ſecond edition of this work was printed in 1768.

At this time Smollett had the misfortune to ſuffer the heavieſt of all calamities in the loſs of his only child, a daughter, named Elizabeth, of amiable diſpoſitions, and elegant accompliſhments, the ſolace of his cares, and the object of his fondeſt affections and faireſt hopes, who died in the 15th year of her age, and left him quite inconſolable.

This domeſtic calamity, which made a laſting impreſſion upon his mind, his own ill health, impaired by a ſedentary life, and aſſiduous application to ſtudy, the earneſt requeſt of his wife, with the neglect of his patron, and the uncomfortable ſtate of public affairs, determined him to leave England, and ſpend ſome time in a foreign country and milder climate. Accordingly, in June 1763, he went abroad, and continued in France and Italy about two years.

Soon after his return in 1766, he publiſhed his *Travels through France and Italy, containing Obſervations on Character, Cuſtoms, Religion, Government, Police, Commerce, Arts and Antiquities, with a particular Deſcription of the*

Town, Territory, and Climate of Nice; to which is added, a Regiſter of the Weather, kept during a Reſidence of Eighteen Months in that City; in 2 vols. 8vo, in the form of letters to his friends in England, from different parts of thoſe countries. In the firſt letter he deſcribes the ſtate of his own mind, and the motives that induced him to leave England, in theſe words:

"In gratifying your curioſity, I ſhall find ſome amuſement to beguile the tedious hours, which, without ſome employment, would be rendered inſupportable by diſtemper and diſquiet.

"You knew, and pitied my ſituation; traduced by malice, perſecuted by faction, and overwhelmed by the ſenſe of a domeſtic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair.

"My wife earneſtly begged I would convey her from a country where every object ſerved to nouriſh her grief. I was in hopes that a ſucceſſion of new ſcenes would engage her attention, and gradually call off her mind from a ſeries of painful reflections; and I imagined the change of air, and a journey of near a thouſand miles, would have a happy effect upon my own conſtitution."

In the courſe of his travels, Smollett ſeems to have laboured under a conſtant fit of ill-humour; and his letters afford a melancholy proof of the influence of bodily pain over the beſt diſpoſition.

In deſcribing certain objects in Italy, viewed through the medium of diſappointment and indignation, he deliberately hazarded the following remarks, which expoſed him to the reprehenſion of the connoiſſeurs.

"With reſpect to the famous Venus Pontia, commonly called *de Medicis*, I believe I ought to be entirely ſilent, or at leaſt conceal my real ſentiments, which will otherwiſe appear equally abſurd and preſumptuous. It muſt be want of taſte that prevents my feeling that enthuſiaſtic admiration with which others are inſpired at ſight of this ſtatue. I cannot help thinking there is no beauty in the features of Venus, and that the attitude is awkward and out of character *."

"I was much diſappointed at ſight of the Pantheon,

* *Letter* XXVII.

which, after all that has been ſaid of it, looks like a huge cock-pit open at the top *."

The cynical ſtyle of the letters drew upon Smollett alſo the following ſevere cenſure, which he probably felt more ſenſibly, from the lively, ſarcaſtic pen of Sterne.

"The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and ſo on—but he ſet out with the ſpleen and jaundice, and every object he paſſed by was diſcoloured and diſtorted.—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but an account of his miſerable feelings—I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was juſt coming out of it—"It is nothing but a huge cock-pit," ſaid he,—"I wiſh you had ſaid nothing worſe of the Venus Medicis," replied I,—for in paſſing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddeſs, and uſed her worſe than a common ſtrumpet, without the leaſt provocation in nature.—I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a ſad tale of ſorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he ſpoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi—He had been flayed alive, and bedeviled, and worſe uſed than St. Bartholomew, at every ſtage he had come at—"I'll tell it," ſaid Smelfungus, "to the world."—"You had better tell it," ſaid I, "to your phyſician †."

Although Sterne tripped along the ſame road more cheerily than Smollett, and never allowed diſeaſe to "tinge the objects which came in his way, either with ſable or ſickly green ‡," yet Smollett feared Death, "when at his heels," as little as this "fellow of infinite jeſt §;" and met him at laſt, no diſtant date, with as much compoſure as any man ever reſign'd

——This pleaſing, anxious being ‖.

Soon after the publication of his *Travels*, at a time when he felt his ſtrength declining, and his mind depreſſed with ſorrow, he ſet out on a journey to his native

* *Letter* XXXI.
† Sentimental Journey, Vol. I.
‡ Triſtram Shandy, Vol. VII. § Shakeſpeare. ‖ Gray.

country; a journey probably undertaken from a ſenſe of his approaching diſſolution, and a deſire of ſeeing his mother and his other relations, before he ſhould be ſeparated from them for ever, rather than from any ſanguine hope that air and exerciſe would reſtore his former health and ſpirits.

He arrived at Edinburgh about the beginning of June 1766, and having paſſed ſome time with his mother, who retained, at an advanced age, a ſtrong underſtanding, and uncommon ſhare of humour, and whom he loved with all the warmth of filial affection, he proceeded with his ſiſter Mrs. Telfer, and his nephew, a young officer in the army, to Glaſgow; from whence, after they had made a ſhort ſtay, they went, accompanied by Dr. Moore, to Cameron, the reſidence of his couſin, Mr. Smollett of Bonhill, on the banks of Lochlomond.

During the time of his ſtay in Scotland, Dr. Moore informs us, he was greatly tormented with rheumatic pains; and he was afflicted beſides with an ulcer on his arm, which had been neglected on its firſt appearance, and afterwards reſiſted every attempt to heal it. Theſe diſorders confined him much to his chamber, but did not prevent his converſation from being highly entertaining, when the miſery of which they were productive, permitted him to aſſociate with his friends *.

He left Scotland about the latter end of Auguſt, without any alleviation of his complaints, and proceeded directly to Bath, with a pleaſing impreſſion on his mind of the affectionate attention which had been ſhown him by his relations, acquaintance, and countrymen in general, of whom he had taken a laſt farewell.

He ſpent the winter in Bath; for ſome months, with an aggravation and increaſe of his complaints; but in the beginning of the year 1767, his health and ſpirits were ſurpriſingly reſtored, as appears by the following letter to Dr. Moore, dated Bath, February 8. 1767, which is tranſcribed here, becauſe the account he gives of his caſe is curious in itſelf, and alſo becauſe the firſt paragraph affords an inſtance of that benevolent and friendly intereſt he took in the unfortunate, which is one of the leading features of his character.

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

"I have been for ſome weeks reſolved to write you an account of my health, about which I know your friendly ſolicitude; but what haſtens the execution of my purpoſe, is a letter I received laſt poſt from Commiſſary Smollett, deſiring me to recommend a poor relation of ours to your countenance and protection. Her name is Mrs. ———, ſiſter to ———. This unfortunate gentlewoman married ———, who had a ſmall eſtate in the Highlands, which having ſquandered away, he made his retreat to Jamaica, leaving his wife deſtitute, with a child upon her hands. In this emergency, ſhe had virtue enough to ſtudy midwifery under Dr. Young at Edinburgh, who, I am told, has given ample teſtimony of her capacity; and ſhe is repreſented to me as a perſon of unblemiſhed character. She has it ſeems reſolved to ſettle at Glaſgow, and there exerciſe her profeſſion. I need ſay no more, knowing, as I do, that you will have a proper regard to the intereſt I take in her concerns; and that if you find her properly qualified, you will encourage her as much as your own views and connections may permit. So much for Mrs. ———. Now for Dr. Smollett.—You muſt remember the miſerable way in which I was at parting from you in Auguſt laſt; at my return to Bath, I caught a cold, in conſequence of which my rheumatic pains retired, and the diſorder in my breaſt recurred, namely, an orthopnœa, with an ugly cough and ſpitting, excluſive of a ſlow fever, from which I had never been free. But theſe ſymptoms gave me little diſturbance, in compariſon with the ulcer on my fore arm, which continued to ſpread until it occupied the whole ſpace from about three inches above the wriſt to the ball of the thumb, ſo that I was entirely deprived of the uſe of my right hand, and the inflammation and pain daily increaſed. In the beginning of November, it was ſuppoſed to be cancerous; at that period I could not ſleep without an opiate, my fever became continual, my appetite failed, and the rheumatiſm again invaded me from the neck to the heel. In a word, I deſpaired of ever ſeeing the end of winter; and every night when I went to bed, fervently wiſhed that I might be dead before morning. In this uncomfortable ſituation, I conſulted with Meſſrs. Middleton and Sharp, the two moſt eminent ſurgeons in England, who

were then, and are ſtill, at Bath. I had my hand dreſſed before them, and propoſed a courſe for the cure, which they approved. I forthwith began to dreſs the ſore with double mercurial ointment made without turpentine. I took a doſe of Van Swieten's ſolution of corroſive ſublimate every morning, and drank a quart of ſtrong decoction ſarſæ every day. On the ſecond day of this regimen, the matter was much mended, and the pain conſiderably abated. In one week I was quite free of the fever and rheumatiſm, and my appetite returned in full perfection. In ten days I left off taking the ſublimate, for by this time the ulcer was almoſt cloſed, and, in another week, ſkinned over. It continues ſtill hard and ſcaly; but the cicatrix ſeems quite firm, and I can now uſe my hand almoſt as well as ever. I ſtill drink the decoction, and never ſtirred out of my houſe till yeſterday, when I ventured out in a chair, and got a curſed cold, which I find will produce an ugly fit of the aſthma; this, however, I will bear without repining. In a word, my cure is looked upon as ſomething ſupernatural; and I muſt own that I now find myſelf better in health and ſpirits than I have been at any time theſe ſeven years. Had I been as well in ſummer, I ſhould have exquiſitely enjoyed my expedition to Scotland, which was productive of nothing to me but miſery and diſguſt. Between friends I am now convinced that my brain was in ſome meaſure affected; for I had a kind of *coma vigil* upon me from April to November without intermiſſion. In conſideration of theſe circumſtances, I know you will forgive all my peeviſhneſs and diſcontent, and tell good Mrs. Moore, to whom I preſent my moſt cordial reſpects, that, with regard to me, ſhe has as yet ſeen nothing but the wrong ſide of the tapeſtry. Pray remember me kindly to your brother-in-law Mr. Simſon, Drs. Stevenſon and Douglas, to honeſt Robin Urie, and all my Glaſgow friends. Write to me with your firſt convenience, directing to Dr. Smollett, Gay-ſtreet, Bath; and believe me, with the warmeſt affection and eſteem, &c.

During this interval of convaleſcence, Smollett again entered the thorny paths of political diſcuſſion, and in 1769, publiſhed his *Hiſtory and Adventures of an Atom*, in 2 vols. 12mo, a work of a different nature from any

of his other performances, being a political romance, ſuppoſed to be written in 1748, exhibiting, under *Japaneſe* names, the characters and conduct of the leaders of party in Great Britain, from the commencement of the French war in 1754, to the diſſolution of Lord Chatham's adminiſtration in 1767-8. In this work he found reaſon for altering his opinion of Lord Bute, the theme of his former panegyric, as he did, in the *Continuation* of his Hiſtory, for changing his ſentiments with regard to Mr. Pitt, a ſervant "given by the people to the king *."

Soon after the publication of this work, his complaints recurred with violence, and his friends, Dr. Armſtrong, Dr. Hunter, and Dr. Dickſon, adviſed him to try again the influence of the Italian climate; but his circumſtances not being deemed adequate to the expence of the journey, and of his remaining free from all care but what concerned his health, application was made to obtain for him the office of conſul at Nice, Naples or Leghorn. This application, prompted by the anxiety of his friends to preſerve his health, was unſucceſsful, becauſe he was not the panegyriſt of men in power, and becauſe he could not ſtoop to practiſe the degrading arts of ſolicitation.

The neglect which Smollett experienced, on this occaſion, from thoſe perſons to whom he had rendered himſelf uſeful by his pen, aggravated his mental ſufferings, already too great, for his delicate frame to bear; but he had pleaſure, Dr. Moore juſtly obſerves, in the reflection that he never had deigned to ſolicit the protection which ought to have come ſpontaneouſly. The time was now at hand when that reflection probably afforded him more ſatisfaction, and his want of riches leſs concern than ever. No man feels remorſe on his death-bed from the thought of dying poor. Many have felt it, in a fearful degree, from the thought of dying rich †.

He ſet out for Italy, however, early in the year 1770, with a conſtitution reduced to the laſt ſtate of debility; and after reſiding a ſhort time at Leghorn, he retired to

* Moſt of the reflections which gained credit to that ſeaſonable pamphlet againſt continental connections, entitled, "Conſiderations on the German War," may be found diſſeminated with a liberal hand through every part of Smollett's *Continuation*.

† Moore's Life of Smollett.

Monte Novo, a moſt romantic and ſalutary ſituation in the neighbourhood, as appears by the following letter to his ingenious friend Caleb Whiteford, Eſq. dated Monte Novo, May 18. 1770 *.

"You could not have made me a more agreeable preſent than the papers I received by the hands of our good friend Dr. Armſtrong. Some of the pieces I had read with great pleaſure in one of your evening papers; but my own ſatisfaction is much increaſed by knowing you are the author; for without flattery, I really think theſe fourteen letters contain more ſenſe, ſpirit, wit and humour, than all I have as yet ſeen written on the other ſide of the queſtion; and I am fully perſuaded, that if you had two or three coadjutors of equal talents, to play to one another's hands, and keep up the ball of argument and ridicule, you would actually, at the long-run, either ſhame or laugh the people out of their abſurd infatuation. Your ideas of characters and things ſo exactly tally with mine, that I cannot help flattering myſelf ſo far as to imagine, I ſhould have expreſſed my ſentiments in the ſame manner on the ſame ſubjects, had I been diſpoſed to make them public; ſuppoſing ſtill that my ability correſponded with my ambition.

"I hope you will not diſcontinue your endeavours to repreſent faction and falſe patriotiſm in their true colours, though I believe the miniſtry little deſerves that any man of genius ſhould draw his pen in their defence. They ſeem to inherit the abſurd ſtoiciſm of Lord Bute, who ſet himſelf up as a pillory to be pelted by all the blackguards of England, upon the ſuppoſition that they would grow tired and leave off. I don't find that your miniſters take any pains even to vindicate their moral characters from the fouleſt imputation: I would never deſire a ſtronger proof of a bad heart than a total diſregard of reputation. A late nobleman, who had been a member of ſeveral adminiſtrations, owned to me, that one good writer was of more importance to the government than twenty placemen in the Houſe of Commons.

"I do not know when I ſhall have an opportunity of tranſmitting the papers to Mr. Udney, neither do I know

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

in what part of Italy he reſides. I ſhould have ſent them by Dr. Armſtrong to Rome, had I read your letter before he ſet out; but as he ſtayed at Leghorn only to dine with me, I did not open your packet till he was gone; however, I ſhall not fail to comply with your directions as ſoon as poſſible. I am at preſent ruſticated on the ſide of a mountain that overlooks the ſea, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, a moſt romantic and ſalutary ſituation, where I ſhould be happy in receiving another ſuch mark of your charity and good-will; and if there is any thing in Tuſcany that you deſire, I beg you will without ceremony put it in my power to oblige you. Pray, who is *Old Sly-boots?* Is not *Junius* ſuppoſed to be *Burke?* What is become of Mrs. Macaulay? They ſay ſhe has been obliged to retire; for what reaſon I know not. Do, pray, throw away half an hour in giving me the political anecdote of the times, and direct *á Monſieur Monſieur Smollett, chez Monſieur Renner negotiant á Livourne.* In the mean time, wiſhing you every comfort and conſolation that this raſcally age affords, I am, with great affection and eſteem," &c.

While he reſided in Italy, he publiſhed, in 1771, his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, in 3 vols. 12mo, arranged in the form of letters; in which, under the character of *Matthew Bramble*, whimſically fretful and miſanthropic, he repreſented truly and humorouſly his own, and inſerted the obſervations he made on reviſiting his native country, and the ſcenes of infancy, and his highly poetical *Ode to Leven Water*. This novel was read with general approbation on its firſt appearance, and is ſtill conſidered, by many, as the moſt entertaining and agreeable of all his works.

This was the laſt publication Smollett gave to the world.

He lingered through the ſummer, during which his ſtrength ſunk gradually, but he retained his lively humour, fortitude and compoſure, as well as the full uſe of his faculties, to the laſt, and died at his houſe in the neighbourhood of Leghorn on the 21ſt of October 1771, in the 51ſt year of his age.

Soon after his death, a plain monument was erected to his memory by his wife, with the following inſcription,

written by Dr. Armſtrong, his moſt intimate friend, in a ſtrain of energetic elegance, affectionate ſorrow, and manly indignation:

Hic oſſa conduntur
Tobiæ Smollett, Scoti;
Qui, proſapia generoſa et antiqua natus,
Priſcæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
Aſpectu ingenuo,
Corpore valido,
Pectore animoſo,
Indole apprime benigna,
Et fere ſuprà facultates munificis,
Inſignis.
Ingenio feraci, faceto, verſatili.
Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci,
Varia fabularum dulcedine
Vitam moreſque hominum,
Ubertate ſumma ludens, depinxit.
Adverſo, interim, neſas! tali tantoque alumno,
Niſi quo ſatyræ opipare ſupplebat,
Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
Quo muſæ vix niſi nothæ
Mecænatulis Britannicis
Fovebantur.
In memoriam
Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
Permultis amicis deſiderati,
Hocce marmor,
Dilectiſſima ſimul et amantiſſima conjux
L. M.
Sacravit.

Tranſlation.

Here
Reſt the remains
of
Tobias Smollett,
A North Briton,
Who ſprung
From an ancient and reſpectable family,
Shone forth an example
Of the virtue of former times.
Of an ingenuous countenance,
And manly make.
With a breaſt animated by the juſteſt ſpirit,
He was eminently diſtinguiſhed
For great benevolence of temper,
And a generoſity even above his fortune.
His wit had every character
Of fertile inventiveneſs,
Of true pleaſantry,
Of flexibility to every ſubject,
From his aptneſs and wonderful capacity
For every kind of learning.

The exercise of these talents
Produced a variety of pleasing fictions,
In which,
With great exuberance of fancy,
And true humour,
He laughed at, and described
The lives and manners of men:
While,
(Shameful to relate!)
This genius,
This honour to his country,
Met with nothing
In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times,
But what was unfavourable to him,
Except indeed
Their abundance of supply to his pen
Of matter of satire:
Times!
In which
Hardly any literary merit,
But such as was in the most false or futile taste,
Received any encouragement
From the paltry mock Mecænases of Britain.
In honour to the memory
Of this most worthy and amiable
Member of society,
Sincerely regretted by many friends,
This monument
Was, by his much beloved and affectionate wife,
Dutifully and deservedly
Consecrated.

In the year 1774, a round column of the Tuscan order, with an urn on its entablature, was erected to Smollett's memory on the banks of the Leven, near the house in which he was born, by his cousin, James Smollett, Esq. of Bonhill, with the following nervous and classical inscription, written partly by Professor George Stuart of Edinburgh, and partly by John Ramsay, Esq. of Ochtertyre and Dr. Johnson. The first four lines were adopted from an inscription, written at the request of Lord Kames*, by Mr. Ramsay, in autumn 1773; the lines printed in Italics were furnished by Dr. Johnson, at the request of Mr. Smollett, when he passed a night with him, in the latter

* Lord Kames himself, Dr. Moore informs us, wrote an inscription in English for this pillar, of which the late Lieutenant-Colonel Smollett shewed him a copy, but the Latin one was preferred. Though the fact seems to be indisputable, yet it is remarkable, that Lord Kames, neither at that time, nor at any future period, ever mentioned this English inscription to his friend and neighbour Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre.

end of the autumn of that year, on his return from the Weſtern Iſlands; the remainder is the production of Profeſſor Stuart. The inſcription, it is probable, received its form and arrangement, at that time, from the interpoſition of Dr. Johnſon's advice.

[Siſte viator!
Si leporis ingeniique venam benignam,
Si morum callidiſſimum pictorem,
Unquam ea miratus,]
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M. D.
Viri virtutibus hiſce
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imiteris,
Haud mediocriter ornati:
Qui in literis variis verſatus,
Poſtquam felicitate ſibi propria,
Seſe poſteris commendaverat,
Morte acerba raptus
Anno ætatis 51
Eheu! quam procul a patria!
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet ſepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, patrueli ſuo,
Cui in decurſu Lampada
Se potius tradidiſſe decuit,
Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum
In ipſis Levinæ ripis,
Quas verſiculis ſub exitu vitæ illuſtratas,
Primis infans vagitibus perſonuit,
Ponendam curavit
JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill,
Abi et reminiſcere,
Hoc quidem honore,
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
Verum etiam exemplo, proſpectum eſſe;
Aliis enim, ſi modo digni ſint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium!

Tranſlation.

Stay, traveller!
If elegance of taſte and wit,
If fertility of genius,
And an unrivalled talent
In delineating the characters of mankind,
Have ever attracted thy admiration,
Pauſe a while
On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

One more than commonly endued with thoſe virtues,
Which, in a man and citizen,
You would praiſe, or imitate;
Who
Having ſecured the applauſe
Of poſterity
By a variety of literary abilities,
And a peculiar felicity of compoſition,
Was,
By a rapid and cruel diſtemper,
Snatched from this world in the 51ſt year of his age.
Far, alas! from his country
He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy.
In teſtimony of his many and great virtues,
This empty monument,
The only pledge, alas! of his affection,
Is erected
On the banks of the Leven,
The ſcene of his birth, and of his lateſt poetry,
By JAMES SMOLLETT, of Bonhill,
His couſin;
Who ſhould rather have expected this laſt tribute from him.
Go, and remember,
This honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceaſed,
But for the encouragement of others:
Deſerve, like him, and be alike rewarded.

The inſcription written by Mr. Ramſay of Ochtertyre, is of too much value to be withheld; not only for the connection it has with the compoſition of two of the moſt eminent latiniſts of the preſent age, but for the intrinſic merit it poſſeſſes as a truly local and appropriate inſcription. The preſent writer has prevailed on his learned friend to permit him to inſert it in this narrative.

Siſte, viator!
Si leporis ingeniiqui venam benignam,
Si morum callidiſſimum pictorem,
Unquam miratus es;
Domum illam inornatam pauliſper intuere.
Ibi enim naſcebatur
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.
In hocce agello, prope Lævini marginem,
Sæpiſſime luſit puer:
Illorum ſub umbra arborum recubans felix,
Silveſtris muſæ primitias olim meditatus eſt.
Denique, in patriam aliquantiſper reverſus,
Poſt varios caſus, longamque peregrinationem,
Hujus anguli ſecura quiete,
Ac memoriæ vitæ puerilis, ſolum fallere neſciæ,
Mirifice refectus eſt *.

* See Humphry Clinker.

Qualis, quantuſque fuit in re literaria,
Non ignores, viator!
Neque te morari fas eſt.
Abi igitur, valeque;
At ſemper reminiſcere,
Quam dulcis et decorus eſt
Soli natalis natalis amor!

Tranſlation.

Stop, paſſenger!
If a rich vein of genius and humour,
If exquiſite drawings from life,
By the hand of a maſter,
Were ever admired by thee,
Fondly contemplate for a moment
Yon unadorned manſion;
Under its roof,
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.
Drew his firſt breath.
In thoſe very fields, on the banks of Leven,
Did he often play while a boy;
Under the ſhade of yonder trees
He firſt courted the rural muſe.
After a variety of adventures,
And travelling much in foreign climes,
Having returned for a ſhort ſpace
To his native country,
He was wonderfully refreſhed
With the quiet of this ſequeſtered ſpot,
And with the recollection of his boyiſh years,
Which alone did not deceive.
Of his character and rank in the literary world
Thou canſt not be ignorant,
Nor is it proper to detain thee:
Go then, fare thee well!
Always remembering, how ſweet and becoming
Is the love of our native ſoil.

To add to the regret which every reader of ſenſibility muſt feel at the untoward circumſtances that attended Smollett through life, his widow was left in indigent circumſtances in a foreign country. She had the affliction to ſurvive him many years, ſpent in friendleſs, cheerleſs ſolitude, in ſickneſs and in ſorrow. To relieve her from ſome temporary diſtreſs, which it would ſeem might have been either prevented or removed, by the well-timed application of a ſmall portion of the wealth of his more fortunate ſiſter *, the tragedy of "Venice Preſerved" was per-

* Had Smollett lived a few years longer, he muſt have inherited the eſtate of Bonhill, of about 1200l. a-year, by the death of his couſin Mr.

formed at the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, March 3. 1784, for her benefit; and the money, amounting to about 300l. remitted to Italy.

On this occaſion, ſo intereſting to patriotiſm and to benevolence, the late Houſton Stewart Nicholſon, Eſq. of Carnock, performed the part of Pierre, and the following prologue, in which the various works of Smollett are finely enumerated and characteriſed, was ſpoken by Mr. Woods of the Theatre Royal Edinburgh, written by the late Robert Graham, Eſq. of Gartmore, a man of wit, taſte, and ſenſibility, who knew Smollett well, and held his memory in the higheſt veneration *.

Though letter'd Rome, and poliſh'd Greece could boaſt
The ſplendid table, and the courteous hoſt,—
The rites to ſtrangers due;—though poets ſing
This mighty warrior, or that powerful king,
The wand'rer's friend—yet ſtill, whate'er is told
By modern poets, or by bards of old,
Is rivall'd here;—for here, with joy, we ſee
The heart-felt bliſs of heav'nly Charity!
See her, with rapture, ſpread her willing hands,
And throw her bleſſings into foreign lands;
Dry up the tear ſhe never ſaw to flow,
And eager catch the diſtant ſigh of woe.
In vain ſeas ſwell, and mountains riſe in vain—
A widow's groans are heard acroſs the main;
—A widow now!—Alas! how chang'd the day!—
Once the NARCISSA * of your poet's lay;
Now, fatal change! (of ev'ry bleſs bereft,
Nor child, nor friend, nor kind protector left),
Spreads on a diſtant ſhore her ſcanty board,
And humbly takes what ſtrangers can afford.
Yet link'd to you by ev'ry tender tie,
To you ſhe lifts the long-dejected eye,
And thus ſhe ſpeaks—"Who dar'd with manly rage,
" To laſh the vices of an impious age†?
" Who dar'd to ſeize the bold hiſtoric pen,
" Paint living kings, and miniſters, as men§?
" Who ſung lad Scotia's hapleſs ſons forlorn,
" Her broken peace, her freſheſt laurels torn¶?

Smollett, whoſe heir of entail he was; and who would, in all probability, have bequeathed him the reſt of his fortune, of nearly the ſame value, both of which fell to his ſiſter, Mrs. Telfer.

* Mr. Graham was a favourite *elevé* of Smollett's, and often domeſticated with him at Chelſea. He came very near his maſter in the predominant excellencies of his mind and heart. Several elegant poems, written occaſionally by Mr. Graham, are in the poſſeſſion of his friend Hector Macneill, Eſq; well known for his "Will and Jean," and other popular compoſitions, in the Scottiſh dialect, and of Mr. Ramſay of Ochtertyre.

* Her fictitious name in Roderick Random. † "Advice and Reproof," a ſatire.
§ The Hiſtory of England. ¶ Ode, 1746, beginning, "Mourn hapleſs Caledonia, mourn."

" Or who, on oaten reed, by Leven's ſide,
" Sung the fair ſtream, and hail'd the dimpling tide ‖ ?
" Or who?—ſay ye, for ſuch, I'm ſure, are here,
" Whoſe honeſt boſoms never yet knew fear;
" Sons of the north, who ſtem corruption's tide **,
" Your country's honour, aed your nation's pride—
" *Lords of the lion heart and eagle eye,*
" Who heed no ſtorm that howls along the ſky—
" Say ye—whoſe lyre, to manly numbers ſtrung,
" The glorious bliſs of Independence ſung † ?
" Who felt that pow'r, and ſtill ador'd his ſhrine?—
" It was your SMOLLETT! Oh! he once was mine!"
Tears ſtopp'd her utt'rance, elſe ſhe would have ſaid,
" Like him be bold, in virtue undiſmay'd;
" Let Independence all your actions guide,
" Your ſureſt patron, and your nobleſt pride."

In the year 1773, an *Ode to Independence, by the late T. Smollett, M. D. with Notes and Obſervations*, was publiſhed at Glaſgow, in 4to, by Meſſrs. Foulis, printers to the Univerſity, preceded by the following *Advertiſement* from the editors.

" The public may depend upon the authenticity of the following *Ode*: It is printed from the author's manuſcript, which was communicated to the editors by a gentleman with whom Dr. Smollett was much connected."

The *Obſervations* appended to this poſthumous publication, which is unqueſtionably authentic ‡, and the moſt excellent of all Smollett's poetical compoſitions, are dated Glaſgow, Feb. 23. 1773, and proceeded from the pen of Profeſſor Richardſon, well known for his " Illuſtrations of Shakſpeare," and other ingenious and elegant performances.

In the year 1776, Smollett's name appeared to a bookſeller's edition of a tranſlation of the *Adventures of Telemachus*, in 2 vols. 12mo, as it had appeared in his lifetime to a tranſlation of the *Adventures of Gil Blas*, in 4 vols. 12mo; but little of theſe verſions, it is probable, was done by his own hand.

In the year 1785, a farce, entitled *The Iſraelites, or the Pampered Nabob*, which is ſaid to have been left by Smol-

‖ Ode to Leven Water.
** Alluding to the oppoſition of the northern counties to the corruption of factitious votes.
† Ode to Independence.
‡ From the alluſions in the *Ode* to the noble ſtand made by the Corſican patriots againſt the uſurpations of the French king, it appears to have been written a ſhort time before his death.

lett in the hands of a printer, was acted at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 1st of April, for the benefit of Mr. Aickin. It contained, it is said, many strokes of Smollett's peculiar humour; but owing to the severity of the weather, it was very ill attended, and but indifferently received. It has not since been performed or printed.

No uniform edition of his *History of England* has been printed since his death. A new edition of the modern part of it, from the Revolution to the death of George II. was printed in 8 vols. 8vo, 1791, as a supplement to Hume. The common editions of his novels, particularly of *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker*, are too numerous to be specified. A collection of his *Plays and Poems, with Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author*, was published by Mr. Thomas Evans, bookseller in the Strand, in one volume 12mo, 1784. His *Miscellaneous Works*, consisting of his plays, poems, and novels, exclusive of *The Adventures of an Atom*, were collected by Mr. David Ramsay, printer of "The Edinburgh Evening Courant," in 6 vols. 8vo, 1790, with humorous frontispieces, by Rowlandson. His *Poetical Works* were collected in the "Works of the British Poets," in 13 vols. 8vo, 1795, with a *Biographical and Critical Preface* by the present writer. A new edition of his *Miscellaneous Works*, comprehending all his plays, poems, and novels, with *Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, by the present writer, was published by Mr. James Mundell, printer to the University of Glasgow, in 6 vols. 8vo, 1796 *. An edition of this partial collection, somewhat differently arranged, was published, the year following, by the London booksellers, under the title of *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M. D. with Memoirs of his Life; to which is prefixed, A View of the Commencement and Progress*

* While the present writer is recording the name of *James Mundell*, the respectable successor of the venerable Elzevir of Scotland, among the publishers of the works of Smollett, he is struck with the awful intelligence, that this spirited, judicious, and well-informed printer, and truly amiable and estimable young man, has been cut off by the stroke of death, in the full career of prosperous industry, amidst many unfinished literary undertakings, and before he had completed the 30th year of his age! Classical and English literature are indebted to him for bringing forward, in the course of his profession, various useful, extensive, and elegant publications, unattempted by any individual in Scotland, and worthy of an association of opulent booksellers.

of Romance, by John Moore, M. D. in 8 vols. 8vo, 1797. This edition is valuable, as it has been the means of procuring for the public, a ſhort, but faithful account of Smollett, from the pen of Dr. Moore, who knew him well, and wrote from perſonal knowledge. Dr. Moore has few new facts to embelliſh his narrative; but the taſk which has been left him, of giving an elegant and inſtructive hiſtory of Smollett, has been executed, in many reſpects, with ſuch felicity of performance, as precludes the moſt diſtant hope of improvement. As an hiſtorian, he has not always evinced ſufficient diligence and attention; but as a critic and a panegyriſt, though his opinions may be ſometimes ſuſpected of being erroneous, and his praiſe may be thought to have been ſometimes improperly beſtowed, he diſplays his taſte, judgment, and ſenſibility. The want of a complete account of Smollett's writings, which, like the battles of a general, are the circumſtances which muſt fix the ſeveral eras of his life, is the principal defect in Dr. Moore's narrative. His ſketch of thoſe variations of manners in Europe, which gave riſe to ancient and modern romance, in which ſome very early cuſtoms and inſtitutions are comprehended, is ably executed; but it can be only with difficulty found applicable to the ſubject, and might, with equal propriety, be added to the works of any other noveliſt as to thoſe of Smollett.

A ſecond edition of the collection publiſhed by Mr. Mundell, in 1796, being called for, an opportunity has been found of inſerting in it Smollett's *Account of the Expedition to Carthagena in* 1741, omitted in the former editions, which completes the collection of his miſcellaneous works *.

The character of Smollett, at the preſent period, when prejudice and partiality have, in a great meaſure, ſubſided, will be better underſtood by this account of his life, than by any laboured comment; yet as he has had the lot to be more read than applauded, and leſs applauded than he deſerves, it may not be ſuperfluous here to attempt to

* Smollett's papers in *The Briton* and the *Critical Review*, have not been collected in this edition, becauſe, if they could be aſcertained, they would not, it is believed, intereſt the generality of readers.

collect, into one point of view, his moſt prominent excellencies and defects, and to endeavour, by ſtating his literary pretenſions, and eſtimating his worth, to award him the juſtice which his contemporaries often denied him.

In his perſon and manners, Smollett was faſhioned to prepoſſeſs all men in his favour. His figure was manly, graceful and handſome, and in his air and manner there was a dignity that commanded reſpect, joined with a benignity that inſpired affection. With the moſt poliſhed manners, and the fineſt addreſs, he poſſeſſed a loftineſs and elevation of ſentiment and character, without vanity or affectation. His general behaviour bore the genuine ſtamp of true politeneſs, the reſult of an overflowing humanity and goodneſs of heart. He was a man of upright principles, and of great and extenſive benevolence. The friend of ſenſe and of virtue, he not only embraced, but ſought occaſions of doing good. He was the reliever of the diſtreſſed, the protector of the helpleſs, and the encourager of merit. His converſation was ſprightly, inſtructive, and agreeable; like his writings, pregnant with wit and intelligence, and animated with ſallies of humour and pleaſantry. In his opinions of mankind, except where his perſonal and political prejudices were concerned, he was candid and liberal. To thoſe who were above him he allowed the due ſuperiority, but he did not willingly aſſociate with his ſuperiors, and always with a conſciouſneſs of his perſonal dignity, and with evident indications of pride and reſerve. To his equals and inferiors he behaved with eaſe and affability, without the inſolence of familiarity, or the parade of condeſcenſion. With his amiable qualities and agreeable manners, he united courage and independence. In the declaration of his opinions he was open; in his actions he was intrepid, and often imprudent; a gentleman in principle, independent in ſpirit, and fearleſs of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank, no danger could prevent him from ſaying or doing thoſe things which he conceived in themſelves to be right, and in their conſequences to be uſeful to his friends or his country. He had been bred a whig, and generally adhered to the principles of that party, which ſuited the independent

turn of his mind; but, impreſſed with a regard for public order and national tranquillity, he maintained a great reſerve on the principles of reſiſtance and oppoſition, amidſt acknowledgments of their juſt foundation, and a ſenſe of the benefits which ariſe to mankind from their ſeaſonable operation. He was ſo far a tory, as to love and revere the monarchy; and ſo far a whig, as to laugh at the notions of indefeaſible right and non-reſiſtance. He had a ſincere love for his country, and a diffuſive benevolence for the whole human race. His experience in the world inflamed his indignation againſt oppreſſion, and his deteſtation of vice and corruption, in proportion to his love of virtue and zeal for the public good; and he thought it no violation of charity to ſtigmatize fraud, profligacy, and hypocriſy. But in his ſupport of perſons and meaſures, he ſometimes conſidered only the perſons and meaſures, without taking other objects and relations into the account. He was more frequently influenced by perſonal attachment, and hurried on by preſent impulſe, than guided by comparative views of real advantage, examined by impartial reaſon. His oppoſition to men in power often, in its warmth, exceeded the importance of the ſubject. He was occaſionally miſled, by a heated imagination, ſtrong reſentment, and the mortification of diſappointed hope, into bitterneſs and party violence, long kept alive by the indecent and irritating provocations of triumphant adverſaries. Under theſe impreſſions, his deſcriptions as an *hiſtorian* were often diſtorted, and his deciſions as a *critic*, on the literary productions of ſome of his contemporaries, were ſometimes warped by perſonal prejudice, and expreſſed in the harſh terms of coarſe contempt. Whatever end he purſued, he followed with an eagerneſs that was not neceſſary to compaſs it. The defects in his temperament, natural or habitual, made him unproſperous and unhappy. His ſenſibility was too ardent; his paſſions were too eaſily moved, and too violent and impetuous. His diſpoſition was irritable, imprudent, and capricious; his candour frequently became credulity; his liberality often ſubjected him to deception; his favours were generally beſtowed on the moſt undeſerving of thoſe who had recourſe to his aſſiſtance; not ſo much from want of diſ-

cernment, as want of reſolution; for he had not fortitude to reſiſt the importunity of even the moſt worthleſs and inſignificant. In the domeſtic relations, his conduct was tender, affectionate, and exemplary. In friendſhip, he was ardent and ſteady; and the cordial eſteem of his friends and acquaintance, is an honourable teſtimony to his moral and ſocial character; but in the latter part of his life, he ſometimes, very feelingly, bewailed the neglect and ingratitude he had experienced, in conſequence of the miſtaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be expoſed. He was known, however, to no man by whom his loſs was not regretted. Dr. Armſtrong drank to his memory with tears in his eyes *. In the practice of phyſic, for want of ſuppleneſs and perſeverance, he never was eminent. As an author, he was leſs ſucceſsful than his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deſerved. His connections were extenſive, and his friends numerous and reſpectable. He was intimately acquainted with the moſt eminent of his literary and poetical contemporaries. He was reſpected by the world as a man of ſuperior talents, wit, and learning; but he never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence, relieved him from the neceſſity of writing for a ſubſiſtence. Bookſellers may be ſaid to have been his only patrons; and without doubt he made a great deal of money by his connections with them; and had he been a rigid economiſt, and endowed with the gift of retention, he might have lived and died very independent. But his difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from oſtentation or extravagance. He was hoſpitable, but not oſtentatiouſly ſo; his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. An irritable and impatient temper, and a proud, improvident diſpoſition, were his greateſt failings. In alleviation of his defects, let it be remembered, that a compoſed and happy temper, a heart at eaſe, and an independent ſituation, the moſt favourable circumſtances perhaps in an author's fortune, were not the lot of Smollett. With a neceſſary indulgence for his frailties and errors, and making due allowance for a ſpirit cramped by a narrow fortune, wounded

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1784.

by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant ſhafts of envy, dulneſs, and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man ſo reſpectable for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart.

The predominant excellencies of his mind were fertility of invention, vigorous ſenſe, brilliant fancy, and verſatile humour. His underſtanding was quick and penetrating, his imagination was fertile, his memory retentive, and his humour original. In the courſe of his literary career, he has written variouſly, and much. His writings muſt be allowed as proofs of a verſatility, as well as a fecundity of talents, not to be diſputed, and perhaps ſeldom or ever exceeded by any writer in the ſame period of years. He ſhows in his compoſitions, that he was intimately acquainted with the Greek and Roman literature, and had ſtudied with ſucceſs the various branches of modern learning. He was well verſed in the hiſtory and politics of Europe, and in the conſtitution and government of his country. But the principal ſubject of his deliberate inquiry was the human character; and, in his literary progreſs, the repreſentation of life and manners his principal object. Man he ſurveyed with the moſt accurate obſervation. His underſtanding, acute and vigorous, was well fitted for diving into the human mind. He had a ſtrong ſenſe of impropriety, and a nice diſcernment, both of natural and of moral beauty and deformity. His humour, lively and verſatile, could paint juſtly and agreeably what he ſaw in abſurd or ludicrous aſpects. He poſſeſſed a rapid and clear conception, with an animated, unaffected, and graceful ſtyle. With much ſimplicity, he has much purity, and is, at the ſame time, both eaſy and elegant. His obſervations on life and manners are commonly juſt, ſtrong, and comprehenſive, and his reaſoning generally ſound and concluſive. His perceptions of beauty and deformity are vivid and diſtinct, his feelings ardent, his taſte correct. His wit is prompt and natural, yet keen and manly. His humour, though lively and pungent, is not perhaps equal in ſtrength and elegance to that of Congreve and Swift. In chaſtity and delicacy, it is inferior to that of Addiſon, but equal in purity and moral tendency to that of his contemporary, Fielding; it is keen, ſprightly, variegated,

and founded on truth; it expoſes ſucceſsfully hypocriſy, impropriety, and ſuch vices as are objects of ridicule. To trace the latent ſources of human actions, and to develope the various incongruities of conduct ariſing from them, was the favourite bent of his mind, as it was of Theophraſtus, Bruyere, Moliere, and others; and in deſcribing objects of this kind, whether in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic compoſition, he is ſo peculiarly happy, that as a natural and humorous painter of life and manners, he has reflected the higheſt honour on the place of his nativity, and muſt ever be conſidered by his country among the firſt of her ſons in literary reputation.

The moral and literary character of Smollett has been fondly, and not inaccurately delineated in the *Epitaph* on his monument near Leghorn, written by Dr. Armſtrong, in the *Inſcription* on the pillar erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven, written by Profeſſor Stuart and Dr. Johnſon, and the *Inſcription* intended for that pillar, written by Mr. Ramſay of Ochtertyre.

Smollett has drawn his own character, and deſcribed his manner of living, in the *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, where young *Melford*, introduced by *Dick Ivy*, is ſuppoſed to dine with him at his houſe in Chelſea.

" He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the ſkirts of the town, and every Sunday his houſe is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill. I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleaſant garden kept in excellent order; and indeed I ſaw none of the outward ſigns of authorſhip, either in the houſe, or the landlord, who is one of the few writers of the age that ſtand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteriſtic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of ſingularity.—After dinner we adjourned into the garden, when I obſerved S—— gave a ſeparate audience to every individual, in a ſmall remote filbert walk, from whence moſt of them dropped off; but they were replaced by freſh recruits of the ſame clan, who came to make an afternoon's viſit.—After coffee, I took my leave of S——, with proper acknowledgments of his civility, and was extremely

well pleaſed with the entertainment of the day, though not yet ſatisfied with reſpect to the nature of the connection betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, who anſwered me to this effect.

"Thoſe people, whom he knows to be bad men, as well as bad writers, are cunning enough to make him their property. There is not one of them who does not owe him particular obligations. Thoſe who are in diſtreſs he ſupplies with money, when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of caſh. When they want buſineſs, he either finds employment for them in his own ſervice, or recommends them to bookſellers to execute ſome project he has formed for their ſubſiſtence. They are always welcome to his table (which, though plain, is plentiful), and to his good offices as far as they will go; and, when they ſee occaſion, they make uſe of his name with the moſt petulant familiarity; nay, they do not ſcruple to arrogate to themſelves the merit of ſome of his performances, and have been known to ſell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain."

"I ſtill expreſſed a deſire to know his real motives for continuing his friendſhip to a ſet of raſcals equally ungrateful and inſignificant. He ſaid, he did not pretend to aſſign any reaſonable motive; that, if the truth muſt be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a moſt incorrigible fool; that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered ſtrangely in the diſtribution of his favours, which were generally beſtowed on the moſt undeſerving of thoſe who had recourſe to his aſſiſtance.—By all accounts, S—— is not without weakneſs and caprice; yet he is certainly good humoured and civilized; nor do I find that there is any thing overbearing, cruel, or implacable in his diſpoſition *."

The character of Smollett has lately fallen into the hands of Dr. Moore, who has eſtimated his genius and

* *Expedition of Humphry Clinker.*—The quotation given here is taken from unconnected paſſages in *Melford's* letter, deſcriptive of Smollett's character. The deſcription of his gueſts is highly characteriſtic and entertaining, but in the broad ſtyle of caricature.

virtues with much candour and diſcrimination of judgment, as well as ſtrength and elegance of expreſſion.

"The perſon of Dr. Smollett was ſtout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reſerved, with a certain air of dignity that ſeemed to indicate that he was not unconſcious of his own powers. He was of a diſpoſition ſo humane and generous, that he was ever ready to ſerve the unfortunate, and on ſome occaſions to aſſiſt them beyond what his circumſtances could juſtify. Though few could penetrate with more acuteneſs into character, yet none was more apt to overlook miſconduct when attended with misfortune.

"He lived in an hoſpitable manner, but he deſpiſed that hoſpitality which is founded on oſtentation, which entertains only thoſe whoſe ſituation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or ſuch as can make returns of the ſame kind; that hoſpitality which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain, but plentiful table, the perſons whoſe characters he eſteemed, in whoſe converſation he delighted; and many for no other reaſon, than becauſe they ſtood in need of his countenance and protection.

"As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature than pertneſs or intruſion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception. To this, however, he imagined he had ſometimes been expoſed on his applications in favour of others; for himſelf he never made an application to any great man in his life.

"Free from vanity, Smollett had a conſiderable ſhare of pride, and great ſenſibility; his paſſions were eaſily moved, and too impetuous, when rouſed; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his deteſtation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation againſt every inſtance of oppreſſion.

"Though Smollett poſſeſſed a verſatility of ſtyle in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no ſuppleneſs in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteneſs, would have rendered him eminent in the ſcience of medicine, had he perſevered in that profeſſion; other parts of his character were ill-ſuited for augmenting his practice. He could neither ſtoop to impoſe on credulity, nor humour caprice.

"He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent diſpoſition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more diſpoſed to cultivate the acquaintance of thoſe he could ſerve, than of thoſe who could ſerve him. What wonder that a man of his character was not, what is called, ſucceſsful in life *!"

As an author, Smollett has diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an *hiſtorian*, a *noveliſt*, a *journaliſt of travels*, a *dramatiſt*, and a *poet*; and muſt be acknowledged to have made a conſiderable addition to the ſtock of elegant and uſeful literature.

As an *hiſtorian*, he ranks among the moſt pleaſing, though not among the moſt profound writers of our nation, who have exerciſed their abilities in hiſtorical compoſition. When his *Hiſtory of England* appeared, Hume had not given to the world his narrative of the earlier events of Engliſh ſtory, which muſt be conſidered as the commencement of his ingenious apology for the families of Tudor and Stuart; and the greater diſcernment or ſuperior frivolity of the age had almoſt conſigned to oblivion, Carte and Brady, Oldmixon and Rapin. The public were in want of a conciſe, yet full, a faithful, yet animated hiſtory of England; and he had the ſatisfaction of obſerving, that his performance was received with general approbation, and read with much greater pleaſure and improvement than the dull unaffecting narrations of preceding writers. Conſidering the time and circumſtances in which it was written, it is, indeed, a great effort of genius and application. Without entering into a minute detail of obſcure, diſagreeable, and unintereſting events, he has contented himſelf with a conciſe and animated abridgement of the barbarous periods, and has only enlarged upon ſubjects that are important and inſtructive. In dignity of hiſtorical compoſition, and profoundneſs of philoſophical reſearch, he is inferior to Hume; but in felicity of ſentiment, deſcription, and expreſſion, he may ſafely contend with the moſt illuſtrious of his predeceſſors. In the pages of Rapin, we find the principles of liberty well explained, and every minute wheel of the political machine accurately deſcribed; but we deſiderate the elegant uniformity of texture, the chaſte ſimplicity of dic-

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

tion, the flowing harmony of compoſition, the unruffled, rapid narrative, in a word, the life and ſoul of true hiſtory. In point of genius, ſentiment, ſtyle, and every beauty of hiſtorical compoſition, Smollett is ſuperior to Rapin, and challenges a compariſon with Hume. His ſtyle is leſs cloſe, energetic, and pointed, than that of Hume, but it is more chaſte, flowing, animated, and deſcriptive. Hume ſeldom ventures upon figure or metaphor, which always diſtinguiſhes a warm imagination, and when introduced with diſcretion, and managed with propriety, imparts great beauty and claſſical elegance to hiſtorical narration. The fineſt writers of antiquity are no leſs admirable for the beauty of their narrative, than for the richneſs of their imagination, force and propriety of reflection. Livy and Paterculus animate and affect by the ſtrength of painting and height of colouring; they have, perhaps, carried poetical beauty to exceſs; while Salluſt and Tacitus open and enlarge the underſtanding by the reflective powers. Smollett would ſeem to have imitated the engaging manner of Paterculus, while Hume's genius led him into the path marked out by the manly Tacitus. While the hiſtorians of antiquity differ from each other, the perfection of modern compoſition can be regulated by no certain ſtandard; it will be in all, or neither, juſt as they happen to excel in their ſeveral kinds of compoſition; and the modern hiſtorian who equals Livy or Paterculus, muſt be deemed on a footing with him who is the exact copy of Salluſt or Tacitus, until the ſeveral pretenſions of thoſe claſſics to ſuperior merit be finally adjuſted. It would be as difficult for a philoſopher or a politician to acquire eminence in deſcription, as for a poet to excel in refinement, ſubtlety, and argument. In the pages of Smollett, we do not find ſo many applications of philoſophical inquiry to the inveſtigation of facts, as we find in thoſe of Thucydides or Xenophon, Salluſt or Tacitus, Hume or Gibbon; but they exhibit ſpecimens of picturesque narration, and elegant expreſſion, little inferior to any which the pencil of Livy has ſketched, or the pen of Robertſon has compoſed. We do not find the induſtry of the antiquary joined with the fire of imagination, and the majeſty and elegance of diction; but a Robertſon is an uncommon perſon; nor

ought we to be offended at an union which cannot ordinarily be expected. Inſtead of ſearching with indefatigable labour into every record that can be met with, weighing with patience the teſtimonies of tranſactions long paſt, of which different accounts have been given, ſettling doubtful points with accuracy, and bringing to light the moſt hidden facts, he ſeems principally ſolicitous to adorn and render the moſt important events acceptable, by communicating them in a graceful manner to the world. As the ſoul of hiſtory is truth, it were indeed greatly to be wiſhed that he had been at as much pains to procure authentic information, as he has been to obtain the reputation of an elegant writer. In this laſt reſpect he has all poſſible merit; but his narration is not ſo much diſtinguiſhed for the fidelity and diligence with which it is written, as for beauty of compoſition. It abounds with prejudices and miſrepreſentations, which no lover of liberty can forgive, and for which no force of genius or beauty of language can atone. His partiality for the tory party is manifeſt in almoſt every page; and in ſtating the arguments which paſſed on any ſubject, he generally relates thoſe only which were urged on one ſide; which unavoidably creates a ſuſpicion of his partiality. His reflections, artfully interwoven with the texture of his narrative, in many inſtances are highly exceptionable; and in many places he ſeems to be inconſiſtent with himſelf, and to argue againſt his own principles. At one time he appears the ſanguine friend of liberty, and applauds all oppoſition againſt the ſtretches of prerogative; and yet, at another, he cenſures the reſentment which the parliament expreſſed againſt ſuch encroachments. In his account of the methods uſed to extinguiſh the rebellion in 1745, he has laviſhed all the powers of the pathos in laboured deſcriptions of horror: but he ſeems more ſolicitous to ſay what is brilliant and ſtriking, than what is juſt and authentic. The heart may be affected with pathetic narrative, but the mind will always be improved by ſolid reflection. In deſcribing characters, which is ſuppoſed to be his great excellence, he appears to have taken fancy rather than truth for his guide. His character of Queen Mary is inaccurate and injurious; and that of King William is, in many reſpects, falſified by the cir-

cumſtances of his life. The great excellence of his work, is the elegance and ſpirit of the ſtyle; and the reader who is content with acquiring only a general knowledge of our hiſtory, cannot be more agreeably inſtructed; for his manner of writing is ſo entertaining, that attention ſeldom ſleeps over his pages. But he has not performed the duties of an hiſtorical writer with ſufficient care, accuracy, and impartiality. His imagination overpowers his judgment; and he is tempted to employ his powers in the vain glow of colouring, and is more ſtudious to dazzle the imagination with a gaudy diſplay of ſplendid ornaments, than to engage the underſtanding by juſt reaſoning and ſolid reflections.

The *Continuation* of his *Hiſtory* is not more confuſed and inaccurate than ſuch haſty productions unavoidably muſt be. A narrative which records recent events, and delineates living characters, ſcarcely comes up to the idea we form of a hiſtory. The writer is moſt likely to adhere to veracity in his relation; but we are not to expect all the freedom and impartiality we would wiſh to find in his comment upon men and meaſures. He who dares boldly to cenſure living characters, and to expoſe the corrupt motives of their political conduct, may, perhaps, be thought to want prudence as a man; and he who is afraid to do either, may be deemed deficient in courage as an hiſtorian. Under ſuch circumſtances, Smollett has acquitted himſelf with no ſmall degree of ſkill and addreſs. If he has not been able to give all the light and information which hiſtory ſhould afford; if he has not always expreſſed himſelf with that fearleſs ſpirit which diſtinguiſhes the unbiaſſed hiſtorian, he has avoided thoſe prejudices and partial attachments which render his *Hiſtory* liable to cenſure. In his reflections on public meaſures, he diſcovers intelligence and acuteneſs, without the affectation of ſagacity; and, with reſpect to perſonal characters, he has not offered incenſe to the idols of popularity, nor heaped calumny on the victims of public aſperſion. In his account of the parliamentary debates, he is extremely copious and intereſting; but, in ſome inſtances, he deviates from the deſign, and ſtoops below the dignity of hiſtorical compoſition. In his portraiture of characters, though he muſt be acquitted of flattery and of malice, yet his fancy is not always under

the due regulation of judgment. His painting is bold, glowing, and animated; yet it is ſometimes neceſſary to write the name over the picture. The ſtyle is various, elegant, and forcible; yet it is not always correct, and is now and then too luxuriant and figurative. We cannot always applaud the rectitude of his judgment, nor the preciſion of his ideas; yet we ſeldom fail to admire his vivacity of ſentiment and peculiar glow of deſcription. In his reflections on the bill for the relief of debtors, he has drawn a deſcription of a man of ſentiment and ſenſibility labouring under the miſery of impriſonment, which is ſo exquiſitely pathetic, that it is impoſſible to read it without ſhedding tears of ſympathy at every line. At the ſame time, he is greatly to be blamed for commemorating events too unimportant to fill the pages of hiſtory.

His character as an hiſtorian has been given by Mr. Belſham, the reſpectable memorialiſt of the Britiſh ſovereigns of the family of Brunſwick, in a tone of deciſion, unjuſtly contemptuous and diſparaging, and with a ſeverity of cenſure, unauthorized by a fair eſtimate of the univerſality of his genius, and diſallowed by the general opinion of thoſe who do not think more favourably than his whig-opponent of his political principles.

"Smollett had unqueſtionably talents, but his genius was entirely turned to the low and the ludicrous; of the dignity and beauty of hiſtoric compoſition, he had no conception, much leſs could he boaſt of poſſeſſing any portion of its all-pervading and philoſophical ſpirit. His work is a dull and often malignant compilation, equally deſtitute of inſtruction and amuſement *."

The teſtimony of Mr. Belſham may be compared with the judgment pronounced by Dr. Moore, which is fair, candid, and juſt.

"Though interſperſed with few of thoſe reflections which conſtitute what is called the philoſophy of hiſtory, and which diſtinguiſh the hiſtories of Gibbon, Robertſon, and Hume, the ſprightly vein of Smollett's rapid narrative, and the lively colours in which many characters are painted, rendered it highly agreeable to the generality of readers. Few authors have written ſo well, who have written ſo haſtily; and none have left a ſtrong

* Preface to the Memoirs of the Reign of George I.

er impreſſion, that many of their works are inferior to what it was in their power to have rendered them *."

As a writer of that ſpecies of modern romance which has been denominated a *novel*, he is entitled to the praiſe of being one of the greateſt that our nation has produced. He ranks with Cervantes, Le Sage, Marivaux, Rouſſeau, Richardſon and Fielding, the great maſters of proſaic fiction; and though we cannot ſay he has ſurpaſſed them, he has entered into a noble competition. He proves himſelf to have poſſeſſed, in an eminent degree, the powers which are required to excel in this ſpecies of compoſition; an extenſive acquaintance with human nature, an acute diſcernment, and exact diſcrimination of characters, a correct judgment of probability in ſituations, an active imagination in deviſing and combining incidents, with command of language for deſcribing them. His novels exhibit the features that give moſt dignity to this ſpecies of fiction, the artful conduct of an intereſting plot, the dramatic delineation of characters drawn from actual obſervation, the accurate and captivating repreſentation of real domeſtic life, without offending the modeſty of nature, which are found in great perfection in the novels of Le Sage, profeſſedly adopted by him as models of imitation. The works of few noveliſts have been more juſtly, or more univerſally admired than thoſe of Le Sage. The vivacity of his characters, the intereſting nature of his incidents, the epigrammatic turn of his dialogues, and the ſly elliptical vein of ſatire by which he inculcates his moral, and endeavours to reform the follies of various orders in ſociety, have perhaps been equalled, but certainly have not been ſurpaſſed, by Smollett. In repreſenting the characters of men as they are, not as they ought to be, which ſeems to have been the object of Le Sage in his various works, Smollett diſplays much of the ſpirit and humour of his model, and copies from nature with the pleaſantry and deſcriptive fidelity of a Hogarth. In the knowledge of human nature, maſculine humour, juſt obſervations on life, great variety of original characters, and the powers of his invention, he is equal to Richardſon and Fielding; but he is inferior to them in pathos, ſublimity, and regularity of fa-

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

ble. By perusing the pages of "Clarissa," and "Tom Jones," the passions are affected, the understanding is instructed, mirth is excited, and all the purposes of moral improvement are attained. The romances of Smollett are equally distinguished by a fertility of interesting incidents, and a strong, lively, and picturesque description of characters. They exhibit a series of natural pictures of life and manners, which rival the masterly productions of the moral, the sublime, the pathetic, but tiresome Richardson, with all his profound and accurate knowledge of the various workings of the human heart; and the ingenious, the humorous, the diffuse Fielding, with all his wit, learning, and knowledge of mankind. That Fielding repeatedly displays a thorough acquaintance with nature, and deserves the highest praise for his humour, the very skilful management of his fable, and the variety and contrast of his characters, and that innumerable passages may be pointed out in Richardson, which do infinite credit to the goodness of his heart and the depth of his understanding, superior to the best efforts of Smollett, cannot be denied; yet, after perusing the wire-drawn history of "Clarissa," and the diffuse narrative of "Tom Jones," we never quit them with so much reluctance as we feel in closing the pages of Smollett, who, with less regularity of fable, and without introducing so many observations of a moral tendency, or so much of what may be called fine writing, possesses, in an eminent degree, the art of rousing the feelings and fixing the attention of his readers. The style is characterised by a beautiful simplicity, a just selection of appropriate terms and descriptive expressions, by turns, easy, elegant, and pathetic. With so much merit, he is not without his faults. His characters are sometimes overcharged, his humour is often coarse, and he has exhibited some scenes which may corrupt a mind unseasoned by experience. His system of youthful profligacy, as exemplified in some of his libertines, is without excuse. Profligates, misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are among his favourite characters. His novels, however, are of a moral tendency; they have spirit, humour, and morality, and display the beauties of that genius which allures and rewards the attention of the discreet reader. Unguarded as they are in

many of their repreſentations, they are highly entertaining, and will be always read with pleaſure.

His *Adventures of Roderick Random* exhibit a natural, lively, and entertaining repreſentation of the difficulties to which a friendleſs orphan is expoſed, without ſteady principles, open to be duped by knavery, and perverted by example. The mean ſcenes in which he is involved, from his own want of experience, as well as from the ſelfiſhneſs, malice, and baſe indifference of mankind, are deſcribed with true humour and ſimple elegance; and every reader finds entertainment in viewing thoſe ſituations of life, where the manners and paſſions are undiſguiſed by affectation, ceremony, or education; and the whimſical peculiarities of diſpoſition appear as nature has implanted them. The baſe purpoſes of hypocriſy, fraud, ſelfiſh plauſibility, cunning, and pretended friendſhip, are expoſed in a maſterly manner, and the circumſtances that ariſe from the motley and repugnant qualities which are often whimſically blended together by the folly of men, are deſcribed with infinite humour and ſagacity. Many of the characters are drawn from real life; but ſhort as the time is ſince the publication of this novel, it at preſent derives no advantage from that ſource, and owes its celebrity to its intrinſic merit alone. In deſcribing the characters of ſeamen, he is peculiarly happy. Lieutenant *Bowling* is a highly finiſhed original, and perhaps equals any character that has yet been painted by the happieſt genius of ancient or modern times. This is indeed nature itſelf. As well as the ladder of promotion, his very name has long become proverbial for an honeſt blunt ſeaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world. The phlegm of an old lawyer is happily illuſtrated in the conduct of *Random's* grandfather, and forms the moſt ſtriking contraſt imaginable to the ferocious benevolence of the naval veteran. The diſappointment of the maiden aunts on opening the old man's will, is infinitely natural and amuſing. The character of *Strap* is univerſally intereſting; that of *Morgan* is truly comic. It is partly borrowed from Shakſpeare's Welchmen; but ſtill it is the imitation of a great maſter, not the tame copy of a common artiſt. The ſtyle of this novel is character-

iſed, with a few exceptions, by a beautiful ſimplicity. It is written in ſuch a manner, as to pleaſe all times and all people. The moral tendency of the ſtory none can deny. It is written with the pureſt intentions of promoting virtue, and correcting the ordinary follies of life; but in the accompliſhment of this purpoſe, it is to be feared, that ſcenes are laid open which it would be ſafer to conceal from youthful and inexperienced readers. There is more danger from the indelicacy of particular paſſages, than hope of its doing good by the ſatire and the morality. The baſe purpoſes of fraud and duplicity are expoſed; but a due attention to the common duties of life, decent deportment, purity of manners, and the appearance of ſobriety and ſerioufneſs, are brought into diſcredit and ſuſpicion. Such repreſentations of agreeable folly, and ridiculed rectitude, it is to be feared, may be diſadvantageous to early virtue, by ſtrengthening the attractions of gaiety and libertiniſm, and weakening the reader's abhorrence of profligate manners and flagitious conduct.

The teſtimony of ſo elegant and inſtructive a noveliſt as Dr. Moore, muſt be agreeable to every admirer of *Roderick Random*.

"It certainly never had been in Smollett's contemplation to give a model for imitation in the character of *Random*. His object evidently was, in imitation of Le Sage, to lead a young man through a variety of ſcenes, and put him into ſituations which afforded opportunities of exhibiting human nature in intereſting points of view, of agitating the paſſions, of amuſing the imagination, and of inſtructing the underſtanding of the reader.

"The character of *Strap* is accurately delineated from nature. His remonſtrance, addreſſed to *Random* in the ſixteenth chapter, is at once pathetic and humorous; and diſtinguiſhes him, not only as a native of North Britain, but alſo of that particular part of Scotland from whence he came.

"Although the hint of the character of *Morgan* was probably taken from the Fluellen and Sir Hugh Evans of Shakſpeare, yet it is admirably varied, and highly entertaining. The ſcenes on board the man of war, particularly that with *Mackſhane* and *Oakum*, in the thirteenth chapter, are written with great ſpirit.

"In the character of *Jack Rattlin*, though ſhort, there are ſome admirable touches, highly characteriſtic of an Engliſh ſailor; and that of *Tom Bowling* is conſidered as a maſterpiece, exquiſitely true to nature; which Smollett himſelf never equalled in any of his ſubſequent romances, and which was never ſurpaſſed in any work of the kind *."

His *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* relate, in eaſy, elegant language, a ſucceſſion of events, forming a natural and well-drawn picture of human life, which the thoughtleſs may peruſe with advantage, and the prudent with emotions of triumph. From the wild unlucky boy, teazing his aunt and the Commodore by miſchievous pranks, and heading a rebellion at ſchool againſt his maſter, we trace the headſtrong youth, of unbroken pride, and unbridled appetite, plunging into folly, vice, and diſſipation; waſting his ſubſtance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and at laſt pining in priſon. In this forlorn ſituation, deteſting the world, abhorring himſelf, and loving *Emilia* to diſtraction, he proteſts to her brother, "that he had broke off all connections with mankind, and that he impatiently longed for the hour of his diſſolution, which, if it ſhould not arrive by the courſe of nature, he was reſolved to haſten it with his own hands, rather than be expoſed to the contempt, and more intolerable pity of a raſcally world †." He remains for ſome time obſtinately bent on this frantic determination, notwithſtanding the zealous efforts of expoſtulating friendſhip; and but for the unexpected payment of a large debt which had been given up as loſt, would probably have ſacrificed himſelf to that ſullen, irrational independence, which leads the infatuated ſpendthrift into habits of miſery and ruin; and without imparting to him ſufficient ſtrength of mind to reſiſt temptation, or ſtruggle with calamity, commences in folly, and concludes with ſelf-deſtruction. Rouſed by the voice of friendſhip, and again reſtored to affluence, he returns, with a ſtern reluctance, founded on a ſenſe of his own unworthineſs and vicious imprudence, to ſociety and love; convinced, that after all the buſtle of pleaſure, and the glitter of wealth, real happineſs is only to be found in moderate enjoyment, domeſ-

* Moore's Life of Smollett. † *Peregrine Pickle*, chap. ci.

tic tranquillity, and ſocial virtue. The ſtory of *Peregrine Pickle* is undoubtedly an effort of genius and fancy, which rivals the romance of *Roderick Random* in original invention, intereſting combination of incident, fine ridicule, and uſeful application to the purſuits of life; and is perhaps ſuperior to it in genuine humour and profound learning. It is characteriſed by the ſame elegant fluency of narration, and the ſame intereſting minuteneſs, agreeable vivacity, and inimitable ſimplicity of deſcription. That admirable faculty of drawing ſea characters with propriety, ſo conſpicuous in *Roderick Random*, is here diſplayed with renovated vigour; in the portraits of *Trunnion*, *Hatchway*, and *Pipes*, he has laviſhed all the powers of his genius; their manners and dialect are purely thoſe of the watery element; yet they are perfectly original *. The caricature of the *Phyſician* is contraſted, in the moſt laughable manner, with the portraits of *Pallet* and *Jolter*. In the entertainment after the manner of the ancients, given by the *Phyſician* to a French Marquis, an Italian Count, and a German Baron, Smollett diſplays profound erudition, and many rich ſtrokes of humour and pointed ſatire, directed, in the rancour of toryiſm, with eagerneſs, againſt his whig opponent Dr. Akenſide. Yet in this epiſode, and in that of *Lady Vane*, for which he is reſponſible, and in other parts of the work, he has with juſtice been thought low, indelicate, and immoral. The ſlighteſt violation of morality in a work of genius is reprehenſible; and no elegance, ingenuity, or humour in the mode of expreſſion, can palliate an indecency or indecorum in the idea repreſented. In this reſpect, the ſtory of *Lady Vane*, which is little more than an ingenious apology for adultery, admits of no defence. It ſhould be recollected, however, that in delineations of certain circumſtances, and certain characters, in a work purpoſely written to expoſe vice and folly, it is difficult for the author who draws from nature and real life, to avoid ſhocking the faſtidious eye of nicety and ſcrupulous decorum. The path of humour

* The preſent writer has it, on the authority of John Kemble, Eſq. of Drury-Lane Theatre, that the late Mr. Burke, one of the beſt of the Engliſh writers, was particularly delighted with *Pipes*, and thought it the moſt humorous and highly finiſhed character that ever was invented.

is pleaſant and inviting; but it is a dangerous one, and too often leads an author aſtray into the by-roads of indelicacy, as well as ill-nature. Smollett's taſte for humour and ſatire was ſtrong, but indelicate, which made him not over-curious in the choice of his topics. His ſtyle in picturing his characters, therefore, is ſometimes without that elegance of hand which is required to correct and allay the force of his colouring. In this reſpect, the dialogue between *Pipes* and the hedge-nymph his maſter had accidentally picked up on the road, and afterwards introduced into company as a fine lady, is culpably obſcene, though the ſtory is well told, and the character well imagined. The behaviour of *Pickle* to *Hornbeck* is alſo highly unjuſtifiable; not ſatisfied with injuring the unfortunate huſband beyond reparation, he adds perſonal violence to inſult. Yet, with theſe, and other defects on the ſcore of morality, *Peregrine Pickle* is juſtly entitled to rank as a firſt rate novel, whoſe merits far exceed the modern productions of frivolous faſhion and ſickly ſentiment, which ſerve only to miſlead the judgment and corrupt the heart. It is not, however, to be put into the hands of young perſons without diſtinction and reſerve; but when the judgment is ripened by reflection, and the morals out of danger, it will afford uſeful inſtruction, as well as rational and elegant amuſement.

"The character of *Peregrine's* mother," ſays the ingenious author of "Zeluco," "has been thought by ſome an extravagant production of Smollett's imagination, for which there was no prototype in nature: but it is infinitely more probable, that by adhering cloſely to the conduct of ſome very capricious individual woman of his acquaintance, he has been, in the drawing of her portrait, led aſtray from general nature. This indeed, he himſelf inſinuates, in the laſt paragraph of chapter the twelfth. *Peregrine's* firſt meeting with *Emilia*, his falling in love, and the behaviour of the young lady and her mother on that occaſion, are well deſcribed. The verſes he addreſſes to his miſtreſs are in themſelves pleaſing, and ſuch as a youth of warm imagination might naturally be ſuppoſed to have compoſed. The manner in which theſe verſes, with the letter in which they were incloſed, were deſtroyed, the expedient which *Pipes* fell on to repair

their loſs, the miſunderſtanding this produced between the lovers, and the reconciliation, are all admirably invented, and related in the happieſt vein of humour.

" The character of *Gamaliel Pickle*, and the different tempers with which he and Commodore *Trunnion* bore the tyranny of their reſpective wives, the one with the ſubmiſſion of an ox, the other with the growling of a bear, are delineated with the hand of a maſter. The adventures of the gypſey girl introduced by *Pickle* into faſhionable aſſemblies as his relation, and received by them as a high-bred accompliſhed lady, and the character of the miſanthrope, who pretended to be deaf, are happy inventions; but in the ardour of his ſatirical and humorous chaſe, Dr. Smollett ſometimes leaves delicacy too far behind.

" The peculiar character of Britiſh ſeamen, their language, inclinations, and manners, ſtruck the fancy of Smollett ſo forcibly, during the ſhort period in which he was on board a ſhip of war, that he has been able to deſcribe them with a degree of ſpirit and pleaſantry that has never been equalled. The characters of *Pipes*, *Hatchway*, and *Trunnion*, are all different from each other, yet all conſonant with the nature of that peculiar ſpecies of mortals, Engliſh ſeamen; all of the ſame blunt, thoughtleſs honeſty, with the ſame attachment to their own profeſſion and habits, yet each a moſt entertaining original. The character of *Trunnion*, though puſhed beyond the modeſty of nature in ſome particulars, is, on the whole, admirably ſupported. His death, like that of Falſtaff in Henry the Fifth, is as entertaining as any part of his life; but Shakſpeare has, with more propriety, put the account of Falſtaff's death in the mouth of the hoſteſs; whereas Smollett makes *Trunnion* ſpeak too much, and apply the metaphoric ſea-language with too great minuteneſs and accuracy for one in his condition.

" His ſea characters were ſo entertaining to the public, and he was univerſally thought to have ſucceeded ſo wonderfully in drawing them, that he himſelf became fond of the work; yet he never was ſo exquiſitely ſucceſsful, as in his firſt attempt in *Tom Bowling*.

" It has been ſaid, that Smollett was not ſucceſsful in drawing female characters; yet the principal female in his romances is always of the ſtricteſt purity of mind and

manners. The character of *Emilia* in *Peregrine Pickle*, the gayeſt perhaps of them all, is at the ſame time watchful and ſpirited. She does not indeed lecture on virtue like a profeſſor of moral philoſophy, nor is ſhe decked in all the flowery ornaments with which the heroines of romance are ſometimes adorned. She always appears in the ſimple dreſs, ſo becoming, and ſo peculiarly natural to young Engliſh ladies of virtue and good ſenſe *."

His *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* diſplay the ſame ſpirit and vivacity, the ſame facility and variety of expreſſion, which characteriſe his other writings. Invention, character, deſcription, incident, and knowledge of mankind, are to be found in this romance; it has many ſcenes of exquiſite humour, many admirable ſtrokes of pointed ſatire, and many delicate touches of genuine pathos; yet there is no injuſtice in placing it in a rank below *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. In many parts of the ſtory, he has delightfully copied the ſtyle and manner of his maſter Le Sage; but he has deviated from his model, in repreſenting the hero of the piece, not as an agreeable libertine, but as a profligate adventurer, utterly devoid of principle, and in conducting him through ſcenes, which, if not altogether unexampled in modern life, are at leaſt, in many inſtances, incompatible with reaſon, nature, and probability. It is profeſſedly written to unfold the myſteries of fraud, to inſtruct the ignorant, to ſubject folly to ridicule, and vice to indignation; to rouſe the ſpirit of mirth, wake the ſoul of compaſſion, and touch the ſecret ſprings that move the heart. If he has failed in the attempt to render his work ſufficiently inſtructive, intereſting and affecting, it is, upon the whole, entertaining, and not immoral, though in ſome places very indelicate; but the characters of the principal perſonage and his wicked aſſociates, are repreſented in ſuch horrible features, that humanity is ſhocked, and the imagination is diſguſted. The repreſentation of a virtuous character, in oppoſition to the adventurer, contributes, it muſt be owned, in ſome degree, to relieve the attention from a ſucceſſion of vicious objects; and the awful juſtice which is diſtributed to him in the cataſtrophe, is calculated to anſwer the moral ends which Smollett profeſſes; but the

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

advantage of introducing vicious and profligate characters into a moral production, by way of expoſing them to ſhame and ridicule, may be reaſonably doubted; for a ſeries of crimes and follies may give a mind, unſeaſoned by experience, an inſight into vice, which the good moral drawn from them may not prevent being put in practice. When this, and other deductions are made, which morality and criticiſm require, the romance of *Count Fathom* may be conſidered, not only as a pleaſing and harmleſs production, but as affording a ſtrong proof of his knowledge of human nature, the powers of his invention, and his talents for picturesque and pathetic deſcription. It may be aſſerted without hazard of contradiction, that his deſcription of a ſtorm, when *Fathom* was benighted in a foreſt in Lorraine, and the tranſactions at a cottage, frequented by a band of murderers, is wrought up to a pitch of horror which exceeds the moſt terrible touches in the "Caſtle of Otranto," "the Romance of the Foreſt," or "the Myſteries of Udolpho." *Fathom* is a highly finiſhed villain, unrivalled by any character that has been invented by the Engliſh noveliſts, except perhaps that of "Zeluco." The ſituations which afford Smollett an opportunity of introducing the hiſtory of a faſhionable phyſician in the metropolis, are deſcribed, perhaps, with injudicious prolixity, but with great force of humour and ſatire.

In the *dedication* of this novel, Smollett has endeavoured to obviate the objections to which it is liable, and offered a fair and impreſſive apology for repreſenting a character that ſeems calculated to ſmooth the paſſage to vice.

"A novel is a large diffuſed picture, comprehending the characters of life diſperſed in different groupes, and exhibited in various attitudes, for the purpoſe of an uniform plan and general concurrence, to which every individual figure is ſubſervient. But his plan cannot be executed with propriety, probability, or ſucceſs, without a principal perſonage to attract the attention, unite the incidents, unwind the clue of the labyrinth, and at laſt cloſe the ſcene by virtue of his own importance.

"Almoſt all the heroes of this kind who have ſucceeded on the Engliſh ſtage, are characters of tranſcendent worth, conducted through the viciſſitudes of for-

tune, to that goal of happineſs, which ever ought to be the repoſe of extraordinary deſert. Yet, the ſame principle by which we rejoice at the remuneration of merit, will teach us to reliſh the diſgrace and diſcomfiture of vice, which is always an example of extenſive uſe and influence, becauſe it leaves a deep impreſſion of terror upon the minds of thoſe who were not confirmed in the purſuit of morality and virtue, and while the balance wavers, enables the right ſcale to preponderate.

"In the drama, which is a more limited field of invention, the chief perſonage is often the object of our deteſtation and abhorrence, and we are as well pleaſed to ſee the wicked ſchemes of a *Richard* blaſted, and the perfidy of a *Maſkwell* expoſed, as to behold a *Bevil* happy, and an *Edward* victorious.

"The impulſes of fear, which is the moſt violent and intereſting of all the paſſions, remain longer than any other upon the memory; and for one that is allured to virtue by the contemplation of that peace and happineſs which it beſtows, an hundred are deterred from the practice of vice, by that infamy and puniſhment to which it is liable from the laws and regulations of mankind. *"

It will not be thought ſurpriſing, that the author of "Zeluco" ſhould be eager to refute the objections which have been made to the author of *Count Fathom*, for having choſen his principal character from the purlieus of treachery and fraud.

"Many have thought, that to render the principal perſonage of the piece natural and intereſting, he ought always to be of a mixed character; accordingly, moſt of the heroes of romances and comedies are agreeable libertines; but to intermingle many amiable qualities with profligate manners in thoſe ideal characters, may have done harm. The allurements of the firſt are apt to have a tendency to weaken the reader's abhorrence of the ſecond. If the hero of a romance, therefore, is deſcribed

* To honour virtue, and to juſtify himſelf from the ſuſpicion of a partiality for vice, Smollett, many years after, introduced the adventurer *Fathom* into his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, under the name of *Grieve*, ſettled as a practitioner in ſurgery and phyſic in a village in Yorkſhire, and univerſally reſpected among the commonalty of the diſtrict as a prodigy of learning, piety, and benevolence.

devoid of principle, and perfidious, the more deteſtable he is made in all other reſpects, the better will the work ſerve the purpoſes of morality.

"To relieve the mind from the continued horror which a ſeries of vicious actions would create, this work is varied by ſcenes of humour, by animated and picturesque deſcriptions, by incidents of melting tenderneſs. Of the firſt, however, the Doctor has been more ſparing in *Ferdinand Fathom* than in either of his preceding novels; but his deſcription of a land ſtorm in a foreſt, and the tranſactions at a cottage, frequented by a band of murderers, are exquiſitely calculated for exciting that ſpecies of horror which is ſo intereſting to many readers; but in what he denominates a midnight pilgrimage to *Monimia's* tomb, it muſt be acknowledged, that the pathetic effect which was intended, is greatly diminiſhed by the romantic improbability of the incidents *."

His *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* are related with the ſame vivacity and energy of expreſſion which characteriſe his other productions. The ſtory, though improbable, is conducted with much humour; and though the plan is borrowed from Don Quixote, it is truly original in the execution. It has many characters well drawn, many entertaining incidents, and many fine ſtrokes of genius, nature, and paſſion. The character of *Sir Launcelot*, a youth of elevated mind, actuated by the nobleſt and moſt benevolent principles, is formed on that of the grave knight of La Mancha; and *'Squire Crabſhaw* bears a ludicrous reſemblance to his facetious prototype, Sancho Panza; yet they are not tame, unentertaining copies. They reſemble, without imitating, and remind us of what imparted exquiſite enjoyment, without diminiſhing their own novelty. Readers unacquainted with Don Quixote and his 'Squire, will be delighted with *Sir Launcelot* and *Crabſhaw*; thoſe who have attended that mirror of chivalry through the courſe of his ſtrange adventures, and liſtened with wonder to the ſhrewd remarks of Sancho, will be ſurpriſed at the poſſibility of giving originality to characters formed upon that model. The portraits of *Crowe*, *Ferret*, *Oakley*, and ſome others, are truly characteriſtic, and demonſtra-

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

tive of the genuine humour, ſatirical talents, and benevolent heart of the writer. *Crowe* is a ſeaman eaſily diſtinguiſhed from *Bowling*, *Trunnion*, *Pipes*, or *Hatchway*. It has been ſaid, that Shakſpeare has drawn a natural character in Caliban, not to be found in nature; it may with equal reaſon be affirmed, that *Crowe* is a true ſeaman that never exiſted, who talks in tropes and figures borrowed from his profeſſion, but never uſed before. Smollett may be ſaid to have invented a language for this amphibious ſpecies, ſo extremely natural, that nothing can be better adapted to expreſs the character. The oration of *Sir Launcelot* to an election mob, is in the true ſpirit of Cervantes. The night-ſcene in a private madhouſe is drawn with uncommon force of judgment and of fancy. The ruin of *Captain Clewline* and his family, enforces, with aſtoniſhing eloquence, the madneſs and infamy of paternal tyranny. With great merit, this romance has many defects, ſome of which might have been obviated, if he had beſtowed more time and reflection upon it; but ſtill it muſt have appeared to great diſadvantage after the Don Quixote of Cervantes. The principal characters, unleſs we except that of the heroine *Miſs Darnel*, are altogether incompatible with modern manners, which ought not to be, as the ſcenes are laid in modern times. His oaths and execrations are indecent and unneceſſary; a fault with which his preceding novels are, in many inſtances, juſtly chargeable. Many of the humorous characters are exaggerated beyond all bounds of probability, and certain perſons are too often introduced, particularly *Captain Crowe*, whoſe ſea jargon, though characteriſtic, is ſometimes diſguſting.

His *Adventures of an Atom* belong to the claſs of compoſitions in fictitious hiſtory, in the form rather than the ſubſtance of the work, which conſiſts of real characters and hiſtorical incidents, aggravated and embelliſhed by humour and fancy, and tinged by the dark hues of political prejudice. This ſpecies of romance was firſt introduced into the Engliſh language by Mrs. Manley, in the "Memoirs of the New Atlantis," to ſtigmatize the whig adminiſtration in the reign of Queen Anne. It was afterwards improved by Swift, who blended in his political allegories, humour and ſatire, ridicule and reality, with

inimitable art and originality, and advanced to perfection by Dr. Arbuthnot, in the "Hiſtory of John Bull." The plan of this performance combines the wild extravagance of Rabelais, and the broad caricature of Mrs. Manley, with the ſplendid humour of Swift, and the brilliant wit and profound erudition of Dr. Arbuthnot. He takes the advantage of the Pythagorean doctrine of tranſmigration to endue his atom with reaſon and the organs of ſpeech, which he excites in the brain of *Mr. Nathaniel Peacock*, who writes down what it dictates of the hiſtory of one period, during which it underwent ſome ſtrange revolutions in the empire of *Japan* (England), and was conſcious of ſome political anecdotes, to be divulged for the inſtruction of Britiſh miniſters. He profeſſes to give a plain narrative of hiſtorical incidents, "without pretending to philoſophize like H—e, or dogmatize like S——tt." The characters of the chiefs who diſputed the adminiſtration of Japan, are drawn in the high ſtyle of recogniſable caricature. The portraits of King George II. and the Duke of Cumberland are aggravated with ſtrokes of ſatire; and the leaders of the whig party, with the exception of the Earl of Hardwick, "the wiſeſt man, and the greateſt cypher," are ſtigmatized as a ſet of ſordid knaves, utterly devoid of ſentiment and integrity. Even the Earl of Bute and Lord Mansfield, the favourite ſubjects of his panegyric, are expoſed to the virulence of his ſatire, and the keen ſhafts of his ridicule. From our knowledge of Smollett's character, we expect, what we find in this work, ideas that indicate a firm and lofty mind, and a diction ardent and energetic, correſpondent to the feelings of his heart. Though it is inferior, upon the whole, to his other novels, for ingenuity and contrivance in the compoſition, and for obſervation of life, it is written, for the moſt, with his uſual humour, animation, and felicity of expreſſion. His compariſon of the *Council Board* to the allegorical *table of Cebes*, is well managed; and his digreſſions on *ſurnames*, *breeches*, *alchemy*, *magic*, *necromancy*, and *ſorcery*, diſplay that peculiar combination of profound learning and genuine humour, which forms the baſis of ludicrous compoſition. In his repreſentation of perſonal characters, he is moſt liable to cenſure. Political prejudice never appears more juſtly reprehenſible,

than when it attempts to caſt a veil over diſtinguiſhed merit, and loads exalted characters with obloquy. There can hardly be any contemplation more painful than to dwell on the virulent exceſſes of a man of genius; and yet the utility of ſuch contemplation may be equal to the pain. The ſtrength and the acuteneſs of ſenſation which partly conſtitute genius, have a great tendency to produce virulence, if the mind is not perpetually on its guard againſt that ſubtile, inſinuating, and corroſive poiſon, hatred againſt all whoſe opinions are oppoſite to our own.

"In this performance," Dr. Moore juſtly obſerves, "Smollett combines the manner of Swift and Rabelais; while in many parts he equals their humour, he has not always avoided their indelicacy, and has ſometimes followed the wild extravagance of the latter. Prejudice has certainly guided his pencil in drawing the portraits, or rather caricatures, interſperſed through this work, ſome of which do the greateſt injuſtice to the originals for whom they were intended; yet the performance, on the whole, affords new proofs of the humour, wit, learning, and powerful genius of the painter; and it may be aſſerted with truth, that no political allegory has been executed with equal wit and pleaſantry, ſince the days of Arbuthnot *."

In his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, he has avoided the extravagancies which may be juſtly charged to *Count Fathom*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, and the *Adventures of an Atom*, and adhered cloſely to nature and probability. From the wild excurſions of fancy, invention is brought home to range through the probable occurrence of familiar life. It has no extravagant characters, no unnatural ſituations; on the contrary, an admirable knowledge of life and manners is diſplayed, and moſt uſeful leſſons are given, applicable and intereſting to the inferior ſocieties of life. It poſſeſſes all the characteriſtic excellencies of the beſt efforts of his genius; ſtrong ſenſe and vigour of imagination, maſculine humour, variety of original characters, juſt obſervations on life, pictureſque deſcription, and vivacity and elegance of expreſſion. It is the production of mind enriched and mellowed by experience, and ſoftened, not ſoured by misfortune. After run-

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

ning a long courſe, he appears vigorous, freſh, and unexhauſted. He retains his natural warmth and ſplendour. He ſets like the ſun in a clear ſummer evening, luminous and majeſtic. This work is characteriſed by that facility and ſimple elegance, by that livelineſs and poignancy of imagination, which are almoſt peculiar to himſelf. With him, an adherence to ſimplicity of fable has not produced the effects of dulneſs, nor excluded the pleaſure of novelty. The inimitable deſcriptions of life, which diſtinguiſh his other works, receive, if poſſible, an additional force from the epiſtolary form in which this novel is written; which is farther enhanced by the contraſt that ariſes from the general alternate inſertion of the letters of the ſeveral correſpondents. Inſtead of viſionary ſcenes and perſons, the uſual ſubjects of romance, we are frequently preſented with uncommon anecdotes, and curious exhibitions of real life, deſcribed in ſuch a manner, as to afford a pleaſure even ſuperior to what ariſes from the portraits of fancy. The character of *Matthew Bramble*, at once ſo amiable, ſo diſtreſsful, and ſo ludicrous, and thoſe of *Tabitha* and *Liſmahago*, are painted with the higheſt touches of diſcriminating humour and expreſſion. As to *Humphry Clinker*, he is only to be conſidered as the nominal hero of the piece; but his character, as well as that of *Winifred Jenkins*, is almoſt unanticipated, and highly comic. The letters from *Bramble* and *Melford* upon their tour to North Britain, contain many delineations of ſcenery, and repreſentations of life and manners, that not only gratify curioſity, but alſo tend to correct many wrong notions concerning that part of the iſland. We are every where entertained with the narration or deſcription of ſomething intereſting and extraordinary, calculated at once to amuſe the imagination and releaſe the underſtanding from prejudice. Every character appears what we ſee it in life, and every circumſtance of every perſon is copied with the utmoſt accuracy from where it really exiſts, almoſt without exaggeration. The whole correſpondence is highly characteriſtic, and the incidents are replete with mirth and humour; and it is one of the few works of invention produced by the Engliſh writers, which will always continue in requeſt.

A very obvious ſimilitude is obſervable between the

three heroes of Smollett's chief productions. *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Matthew Bramble*, are all brothers of the ſame family. The ſame generoſity and benevolence, the ſame ſatirical, cynical diſpoſition, are the diſtinguiſhing and characteriſtic features of all three; but they are far from being ſervile copies, or imitations of each other. Theſe feigned characters, as they appeared in ſucceſſion, ſeem to have been intended as a repreſentation of the author's own character, in the different ſtages and ſituations of his life.

With reſpect to the general merit of *Humphry Clinker*, the preſent writer is happy to coincide in opinion with Dr. Moore.

"In *Humphry Clinker* he hardly attempts any ſtory; it is a mere vehicle for characters, and remarks on life and manners. The characters of the different correſpondents are ſupported throughout with the utmoſt propriety, and the peculiar ſtyle ſuitable to each writer is maintained with more preciſion than in any romance in the epiſtolary form with which I am acquainted.

"If we except the character of *Liſmahago*, ſome features of which, though highly comic, are extravagantly ſtretched, Dr. Smollett has avoided the marvellous, and adhered more cloſely to nature and to familiar life, than in any of his other romances. It is peculiarly entertaining to obſerve his addreſs and attention to nature, in the different repreſentations of the ſame places and people and tranſactions, by the different characters.

"Many uſeful leſſons are given for the conduct of life, particularly in the ſtory of *Mr. Baynard*, who is brought to the brink of ruin by the vanity of his wife, and the good-natured facility of his temper. The whole of *Bramble's* account of the Temple of Cold Reception is admirably taken from nature.

"The letters of *Tabitha Bramble* and *Winifred Jenkins* are pleaſingly characteriſtic, and capable of ſurpriſing the moſt ſolemn of mankind into laughter, if their features be not kept ſteady by ſtupidity as well as pride.

"From the aſſemblies of high life, Dr. Smollett thought that humour was baniſhed by ceremony, affectation, and cards; *that nature being caſtigated almoſt to ſtill life, mirth never appeared but in an inſipid grin.* His ex-

treme fondneſs for humour, therefore, led him to ſeek it where it was to be found, namely, in the inferior ſocieties of life, which, in deſpite of the acuteneſs with which he ſeized and deſcribed it, has expoſed him to the cenſure of the faſtidious.

" Dr. Smollett ſeems, when he wrote *Humphry Clinker*, to have been conſcious of the diſcontent and fretfulneſs that appear in his Letters from France and Italy; and to have had a juſt notion of his own character. Neither Le Sage nor Fielding, had they been intimately acquainted with him, could have drawn it more truly, nor with more humour, than it appears in the letters of *Matthew Bramble*.

" The ſimilitude among the characters of *Random*, *Pickle*, and *Bramble*, has been repeatedly remarked. The two former diſplay the ſame fondneſs for practical jokes which was obſerved in Smollett when a boy, the ſame ſpirit in expoſing preſumptuous ignorance, ſtigmatizing hypocriſy, repelling pride, and applauding merit, that he diſplayed in his meridian; and in the letters of *Matthew Bramble*, the ſame peeviſhneſs that Smollett himſelf betrays in his Travels, with that ſenſibility, benevolence, and generoſity of diſpoſition, which he poſſeſſed from the beginning to the end of his life *."

The character of Smollett as a noveliſt, has been drawn with diſcrimination and humour by Mr. Cumberland, an ingenious noveliſt, dramatiſt, and eſſayiſt of the preſent age, in an allegorical repreſentation of the characters of the moſt eminent of his predeceſſors, Richardſon, Fielding, and Smollett, as drivers of a ſtage-coach, in his novel of " Henry."

" There was a third, ſomewhat poſterior in time, not in talents, who was indeed a rough driver, and rather too ſevere to his cattle; but in faith he carried us at a merry pace, over land or ſea; nothing came amiſs to him, for he was up to both elements, and a match for nature in every ſhape, character, and degree; he was not very courteous, it muſt be owned, for he had a capacity for higher things, and was above his buſineſs; he wanted only a little more ſuavity and diſcretion to have figured with the beſt †."

* Moore's Life of Smollett. † Henry, Book III.

The relation of his *Travels*, written in low ſpirits, bad health, and ill-humour, deſerves to be mentioned with reſpect, for that ſpirit of freedom, happily tempered by the judgment and ſenſibility which animates his obſervations, and the energy and elegant ſimplicity of the language. His deſcriptions, though not luxuriant, are, it muſt be owned, ſometimes indelicate; and his remarks, though not ſuperficial, are ſometimes peeviſh; but theſe defects are amply compenſated by the inſight he gives us into the genius, manners, cuſtoms, and government of the different people whom he characteriſes. We ſee a man of ſenſe, and of an independent ſpirit, diveſted of partiality, reaſoning with freedom upon every occurrence, and exhibiting a naked view of objects and characters. If he is ſometimes petulant and illiberal, and on ſome occaſions loſes his temper, ſome excuſe is to be made for a frame convulſed by diſeaſe, a ſpirit wounded by ingratitude, and a life embittered by diſappointment and domeſtic calamity. Under ſuch impreſſions, perhaps, he ought not to have written; but it was natural for him to ſeek for comfort and conſolation in a purſuit from which he had been accuſtomed to receive ſolace, and upon which his ſubſiſtence depended. The conſideration of his bodily and mental ſufferings need not, however, be offered to extenuate faults, but to increaſe our admiration of his work. Though he had grief and diſtemper to give a more ſombre and leſs pleaſant caſt than uſual to his letters, yet they are, on the whole, highly inſtructive and entertaining. With the exceptions above-mentioned, they are calculated not only to gratify every craving of rational curioſity, but to deſtroy error and falſe taſte, to improve our acquaintance with men and things, to diſplay a comparative ſketch of human nature, to eſtabliſh true notions of life and living, and to endear Britain and its free conſtitution to Britons.

"I chiefly conſulted," ſays Lord Gardenſtone, "Keyſler, Moore, and Smollett. I was beſt pleaſed with my old and excellent friend Smollett. Teſty and diſcontented as he is, he writes with perſpicuity; his obſervations are generally ſenſible, and even his oddities are entertaining *."

"The ridicule," ſays Dr. Moore, "which he endea-

* Travelling Memorandums, Vol. I.

vours to throw on French manners, and the exaggerations with which he deſcribes certain uſages in France and Italy, would be more entertaining if he had paid due regard to the following remark which he himſelf makes in the fifth letter: "There are certain mortifying views of human nature, which ought undoubtedly to be concealed as much as poſſible, in order to prevent giving offence;" for he afterwards adds ſome naſty cuſtoms of both the French and Italians, with ſuch energy of deſcription, as excite a nauſea equal to what could have been raiſed by the real preſence of the objects deſcribed.

"In Smollett's letters, however, there are many excellent and uncommon obſervations; and on their firſt appearance, they pleaſed in general, notwithſtanding the cynic ſtyle in which they are written, and they pleaſed ſome on that very account. But after Sterne's ſarcaſm appeared, many who had admired and praiſed them before, now condemned them as devoid of taſte; and ſome who had reliſhed them on account of their high-coloured painting of certain cuſtoms among the French and Italians, now cenſured them as illiberal, and full of national reflections *."

As a *dramatiſt*, his genius is of a leſs conſiderable character than might be expected from his unrivalled talent for the deſcription of life and manners. He was in poſſeſſion of humour and fancy; his wit had every character of fertile invention, true pleaſantry, and flexibility to every ſubject; he was capable of delineating the individual object with peculiar happineſs; but he beheld his powers in a light which deceived him, when he aimed at bringing his characters into the buſineſs of the ſtage, and creating a dramatic ſeries of events, confined to the unities of time and place. Here his knowledge of imitative repreſentation, and acquaintance with the *jeu de theatre* failed him, but not his talents for perſonative poetry. The tragedy of *the Regicide* will be thought a very great effort of genius, conſidering the early age of the author when he finiſhed it. Though reckoned undramatic, declamatory, and unintereſting, it unqueſtionably excels, in language, pathos, ſituation, and every other dramatic requiſite, moſt of the tragedies which were pre-

* Moore's Life of Smollett.

ſented to the public at the time. It exhibits not only a ſucceſſion of juſt ſentiments in elegant language, but a repreſentation of natural affections. It is animated, nervous, and pathetic. The conduct of the fable may be thought exceptionable, but it poſſeſſes complication and variety. The principal characters are ſkilfully diſcriminated, and well ſupported. The character of the virtuous, brave, but unfortunate *Dunbar*, is finely contraſted with the headſtrong, fierce, ambitious *Stuart*; while the amiable *Eleonora*, eſteeming the firſt, but in ſpite of herſelf, loving the latter, is diſtracted between her paſſion and her duty. The *Regicide* may be added to ſome other plays in our language, which, though poſſeſſed of conſiderable merit, have never been able to procure admiſſion on the ſtage, but continue to pleaſe in the cloſet. It is cenſured by Churchill with great ſatirical ſeverity, in the following lines of his "Apology to the Critical Reviewers."

> Who ever read the *Regicide*, but ſwore
> The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before.
> Others for plots and underplots may call,
> Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
> Who can ſo often in his cauſe engage,
> The tiny pathos of the Grecian ſtage.
> While horrors riſe, and tears ſpontaneous flow,
> As tragic ha! and no leſs tragic oh!
> To praiſe his nervous weakneſs all agree,
> And then for ſweetneſs, who ſo ſweet as he?
> Too big for utterance when ſorrows ſwell,
> The too big ſorrows flowing tears muſt tell.
> But when theſe flowing tears muſt ceaſe to flow,
> Why—then the verſe muſt ſpeak again, you know.

In *The Repriſal*, he evinces dramatic powers, which, if he had perſevered in writing for the ſtage, might have obtained him equal diſtinction in this department of literature. His comic genius has ſhown itſelf very conſpicuouſly in this after-piece. There is throughout the performance a cloſe imitation of nature. The blunders of the *Iriſhman* are none of them forced; they are ſuch as cannot fail to ſtrike, and provoke laughter, becauſe there are none of them that have not been heard, at ſome time or other, to fall from the mouth of ſuch a character. There is a mixture of pride, pedantry, ſtiffneſs, and humanity in the *Scotchman*, that marks him very ſtrongly. The *Frenchman* is finely diſtinguiſhed; his gaſconading,

his cowardice, his making love, and his rage, are highly comic. To flatter the common Engliſh prejudice againſt the French, he is perhaps too much debaſed, and treated with illiberal contempt; though *Lieutenant Lyon's* concluding ſpeech makes ſome amends for this fault. The character of the *Engliſh ſailor*, though very ſhort, is drawn with great exactneſs, and is perhaps equal to any now on the ſtage. If this piece had been ſo planned as to furniſh a few more incidents, and if the ſcenes had been ſhorter, and ſometimes changed, the whole would have been more entertaining.

As a *poet*, his compoſitions are ſo excellent, as to make us regret that they are not more numerous. His flexible genius is adapted to various kinds of poetry; to the ſprightly as well as the ſerious; to the deſcriptive as well as the amatory; to the ſevere energy of ſatire, as well as to the higher tones, and more delicate effuſions of the lyre. Lively, humorous, witty, elegant, tender, ſatirical, pathetic, and ſublime, he is happy and ſucceſsful in whatever the univerſality of his genius prompts him to undertake. He ſtrikes, with equal facility, the lyres of Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, Tibullus, and Juvenal, and the chords anſwer to the pulſe of his heart. His ſpirit, his ſentiment, his language, are full of nature, enthuſiaſm, and ſimplicity. Exquiſite deſcription, poignant humour, and felicity of diction and verſification, are the characteriſtics of his lighter pieces; an enthuſiaſtic, independent, and vigorous tone of ſentiment, richneſs of imagery, boldneſs and magnitude of conception, and warmth and energy of expreſſion, characteriſe his grave and more dignified compoſitions, in the lofty ſphere of imagination.

His *Ode to Independence*, the greateſt effort of his genius, rivals, in ſpirit and ſublimity, in ſtrength of conception and beauty of colouring, the ſublime odes of Dryden, Akenſide, Collins, and Gray, the great maſters of the Britiſh lyre. The lineage, education, and achievments of *Independence*, are deſcribed with ſtrength of judgment, and fertility of fancy; and the influence of that power on his own mind, in preſerving him from ſervility, and enabling him to look with contempt on titled folly and dignified preſumption, is diſplayed with the

energy of ſublime ſentiment, and the charms of ſplendid and animated imagery.

The beauties of this Ode, it is unneceſſary to point out, and comment upon, as they have been ſelected with all the preciſion of taſte, and illuſtrated with all the force of eloquence, in the *Obſervations* of Profeſſor Richardſon, with whom, in his eſtimation of its general merit, the preſent writer perfectly concurs.

"Lyric poetry imitates violent and ardent paſſions. It is therefore bold, ardent, and impetuous. It abounds with animated ſentiments, glowing images, and forms of ſpeech, often unuſual, but commonly nervous and expreſſive. The compoſition and arrangement of parts may often appear diſordered, and the tranſitions ſudden; but they are always natural, and are governed by the movements and variations of the imitated paſſions. The *Ode to Independence* will illuſtrate theſe obſervations.

"The introduction is poetical and abrupt.

Thy ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.

"The picture exhibited in theſe lines is ſtriking, becauſe the circumſtances are happily choſen, briefly and diſtinctly delineated. It is ſublime, becauſe the images are few, and in themſelves great and magnificent. The "lion heart and eagle eye" ſuggeſt an idea of the high ſpirit and commanding aſpect of Independence: and the poet following with his "boſom bare," denotes, in a picturesque manner, the eagerneſs and enthuſiaſm of the votary. The laſt circumſtance is peculiarly happy;

Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.

It marks the ſcene: it is unexpected, and excites ſurpriſe: it is great and awful, and excites aſtoniſhment. Combined with the preceding circumſtance, it conveys a beautiful allegorical meaning; and ſignifies, that a mind truly independent, is ſuperior to adverſity, and unmoved by external accidents. We may obſerve too, in regard to the diction, that the notions of ſound and motion communicated by the words "howl" and "along," contri-

bute, in a peculiar manner, to the ſublimity of the deſcription.

> Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
> Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
> Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.

Theſe lines are written in the true ſtyle of lyric poetry. Without preparing the mind by a cool artificial introduction, riſing gradually to the impetuoſity of paſſion, they aſſail the imagination by an abrupt and ſudden impulſe; they vibrate through the ſoul, and fire us inſtantaneouſly with all the ardour and enthuſiaſm of the poet. Many of the odes of Horace are compoſed in the ſame ſpirit, and produce ſimilar effects. Without any previous argument or introduction, in the fulneſs of paſſion and imagination, he breaks out in bold, powerful, and impetuous figures.

> Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
> Plenum? Quæ nemora aut quos ago in ſpecus
> Velox mente nova?———
> Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem———

The poet, full of enthuſiaſm and admiration, continues his proſopopeia; and, in a ſtrain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic, gives us the genealogy of Independence.

> A goddeſs violated brought thee forth,
> Immortal Liberty, whoſe look ſublime
> Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

"According to the acceptation of our author, Liberty means the ſecurity of our lives and poſſeſſions, and freedom from external force: Independence is of higher import, and denotes that internal ſenſe and conſciouſneſs of freedom which beget magnanimity, fortitude, and that becoming pride which leads us to reſpect ourſelves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. Liberty, therefore is, with perfect propriety, ſaid to be the mother of Independence, and Diſdain his father. Diſdain ariſing from indignation againſt an oppreſſor, and triumph on having fruſtrated or eſcaped his malice. This ſtern perſonage is ſtrongly characteriſed in the following direct deſcription.

Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear ſupply'd a ſhaggy veſt;
The drifted ſnow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad ſhoulders brav'd the furious blaſt.

"Men may enjoy liberty without independence: they may be ſecure in their perſons and poſſeſſions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any ſenſe of their freedom. But if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed, they feel the value of their condition, they are moved with indignation againſt their oppreſſors, they exert themſelves, and if they are ſucceſsful, or eſcape the danger that threatened them, they triumph, they reflect on the happineſs and dignity conferred by freedom, they applaud themſelves for their exertions, become magnanimous and independent. There is therefore no leſs propriety in deducing the origin of Independence from Diſdain and Liberty, than in fixing the æra of his birth. The Saxons, according to our author, free, ſimple, and inoffenſive, were attacked, eſcaped the violence of their adverſary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and learned independence.

"The education of Independence, and the ſcene of his nativity, are ſuited to illuſtrious lineage, and to the high achievements for which he was deſtined.

The light he ſaw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled ſtrains,
The auſpicious fruit of ſtol'n embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads ſeized with joy,
The ſmiling infant to their charge conſign'd;
The Doric muſe careſs'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wiſdom ſtor'd his opening mind.—

"The imagery in theſe lines is ſoft and agreeable, the language ſmooth, and the verſification numerous.

"Independence thus deſcended, and thus divinely inſtructed and endowed, diſtinguiſhes himſelf accordingly by heroic and beneficent actions.

Accompliſh'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to diſplay,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aſpiring ſoul.

"The ode may be divided into three parts. The poet

ſets out with a brief addreſs to Independence, imploring his protection. He ſees, in idea, the high object of his adoration, and, tranſported by an ardent and irreſiſtible impulſe, he rehearſes his birth, education, and qualities. He proceeds, in the ſecond place, to celebrate his office and moſt renowned achievements; and returns, at the end of the third ſtrophe, to acknowledge with gratitude the protection he had requeſted, and the power of independence in preſerving him untainted by the debaſing influences of Grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Animated with this reflection, and conſcious of the dignity annexed to an independent ſtate of mind, he inveighs againſt thoſe "Minions of Fortune" who would impoſe upon mankind by the oſtentation of wealth, and the parade of pageantry.

> In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
> With either India's glittering ſpoils oppreſt:
> So moves the ſumpter-mule, in harneſs'd pride,
> That bears the treaſure which he cannot taſte.
> For him let venal bards diſgrace the bay,
> And hireling minſtrels wake the tinkling ſtring;
> Her ſenſual ſnares let faithleſs Pleaſure lay,
> And all her gingling-bells fantaſtic Folly ring;
> Diſquiet, Doubt, and Dread, ſhall intervene;
> And Nature, ſtill to all her feelings juſt,
> In vengeance hang a damp on every ſcene,
> Shook from the baleful pinions of Diſguſt.

Theſe lines, embelliſhed by fancy, and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the invective of truth and honeſt indignation.

"In the laſt antiſtrophe the poet deſcends from his enthuſiaſm; he is leſs impetuous; the illuſtrious paſſions that animated and impelled him are exhauſted; but they leave his mind full of their genuine and benign influences, not agitated and diſordered, as if their tendency had been vicious, but glowing with ſelf-approbation, ſoft, gentle, and compoſed *."

In his *Advice* and *Reproof*, he appears in the character of a diſintereſted and indignant cenſor of the ſlaves of vile paſſions, the perpetrators of deteſtable vices, the dupes of folly, and the agents of fraud, corruption, and villany. He is keen, animated, moral, vehement, and

* *Ode to Independence*, &c. 4to, 1773, p. 9.

judicious; he holds forth to public execration the vices that degrade human nature, with manly indignation; he cenſures the reigning and faſhionable follies with great keenneſs of wit and force of ridicule; but his acrimony, in many inſtances, is too ſevere, his indignation too violent, and his chaſtiſement too indiſcriminate to produce reformation, the true object of ſatire. He ridicules courts, and cenſures miniſters, with all the dignity of independence, and all the loftineſs of a mind that would not debaſe itſelf; yet, in many inſtances, he ſeems to have little elſe in view than to gratify private reſentment, or party-prejudice. His language is nervous, chaſte, and elegant; but the groſſneſs of ſome of his illuſtrations cannot fail to nauſeate. In his outrageous indignation againſt vice, he attacks crimes that are puniſhable by the laws of his country; even the weakneſs and incurable infirmities of human nature do not eſcape his acrimony. The ſtrength and acuteneſs of his ſatirical genius, are, however, efficaciouſly diſplayed in theſe compoſitions, in the cauſe of virtue and decorum, by holding forth to public indignation many offenders againſt both, who are not amenable to any other tribunal, and who, though they contemptuouſly defy all ſerious reproof, tremble at the thoughts of ſeeing their vices or follies attacked by the ſhafts of ridicule and ſatire.

His ſmaller poems, written chiefly on occaſional ſubjects, and diſperſed up and down his novels and plays, are marked by the different diſpoſitions which muſt have prevailed in different periods and ſituations of his life.

His elegantly plaintive *Love Elegy* cannot be too much admired. It has all the tender ſuavity and plaintive ſimplicity of Tibullus. It is ſolemn, affecting, and harmonious; and the happy ſimplicity, and unaffected manner, intereſt and charm the reader of natural taſte.

His *Tears of Scotland* ought not to be mentioned without every commendation. It diſcovers a genius equally fitted for the pathetic and the ſublime. Whatever may be thought of the ſubject, it unites a glow of poetical enthuſiaſm, with a high degree of that eloquent ſimplicity which appears ſo eaſy, and which is yet ſo difficult to imitate. The following paſſage, among others, is exquiſitely tender and beautiful:

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken, wanders o'er the heath.
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head;
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend.
And, ſtretch'd beneath th' inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes—and dies.

His *Ode to Leven Water* diſcovers delicacy of ſentiment and pictureſque deſcription, joined to ſimplicity of taſte. The images are paſtoral and pleaſing, and the numbers correct and harmonious. The ſtrain of the poet is yet ſofter than the muſic of the ſhepherds piping in the dale, or the murmur of the dimpling wave. He celebrates his native ſtream with all the elegant ſimplicity of an Arcadian ſhepherd.

His *Ode to Mirth* poſſeſſes more elevation of thought, and opulence of imagery; it has energy, enthuſiaſm, nervous and well ſelected deſcription, richneſs of expreſſion, and harmony of numbers. The perſonification of *Mirth* is an exquiſite painting.

His *Burleſque Ode* is in the higheſt degree humorous and characteriſtic, but the ridicule is miſapplied.

His *Ode to Sleep* is characteriſed by delicacy of imagination, a judicious ſelection and combination of images, elegance of ſentiment, and propriety of verſification.

His *Ode to Black Eyed Ann* belongs to the ballad ſtyle of compoſition, and is full of tenderneſs and ſimplicity.

His *Songs* are replete with humour, imagination and feeling; but require no diſtinct conſideration, or particular criticiſm.